THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, and SPIRIT,

For JUNE, 1797.

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Embellished with a beautiful Etching of a Wolf Hunt, and an Engraving of an extraordinary Mastiff dog, called LION.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the many frequent applications we receive for to give particular Portraits of Running Horses, one general answer must again be repeated, viz. if furnished with Paintings or good Drawings for the purpose, they shall be engraved; without such it will be impossible to fulfil the wish of our Correspondents.

Our Correspondent's favours from Ireland have in part been made use of; he has our best thanks for his communications.

The last-mentioned Correspondent desires us to give Portraits of Pantaloon and Chanticleer; and another Correspondent, who signs ROSOLIO DE YORK, further requests us to give the following:—Ld. Clermont's Spoliator; Sir H. V. Tempest's Hambletonian; Mr. Cookson's Ambrosio; Ld. Sondes's Doubtful; Mr. Hallet's Stickler; Mr. Delme's Stirling; Mr. Durand's Guildford; Ld. Grosvenor's Antæus; and Sir F. Standish's c. by Sir Peter, out of Horatio.—These Correspondents are informed by the first paragraph, in what degree it is in our power to comply with their request.

To the suggestion of W. M. of Liverpool, we were indebted for the idea of a set of Plates on Hare-hunting. W. M's. polite letter of the 26th of June, was duly received. He need not think of the trifling expence incurred on a former occasion. The Prints copied from Copper-plates were by *permission*.

Howitt i et f.

WOLF HUNTING.

Published July 1 1797 by J. Wheble Warwick Court.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For JUNE, 1797.

WOLF HUNTING.

Explanatory of the Copper Plate Etching on the subject given in this Number.

FORMERLY there were many wolves in England, and though they are now totally extirpated, it may not be displeasing to mention the manner of hunting them. The speed of the wolf is very great, and he is likewise so strong, that he will stand up a whole day before a pack of good hounds; nor will he take the trouble to leave them far, unless greyhounds or mastiffs are mixed with them; they are more subtle (if more can be) than the fox himself, and when hunted will take all advantages, and never distress themselves unnecessarily. They were usually hunted in this manner:—An open spot was pitched upon a mile or more distant from the great covers where they were known to lie; and here, in some natural or artificial concealment, were placed a brace or two of greyhounds, (a great rough kind, bred almost on purpose); here a horse was killed, and the four quarters trailed in the day time through the paths and ways in the woods, and back again to the place where the carcase lay, where they were left. The wolves, when they came out in the night to prey, would naturally follow the scent of the trail, till they found the horse. In the morning before day was well broke, if they could be discerned feeding, the hunters endeavoured to hound their dogs in such a manner as should, if possible, prevent their return to the covers. If they were not to be seen, but were supposed to be in the woods near where the carrion was placed for them to feed on, a number of men were sent in with axes, &c. and ordered to make as much noise as possible on every side, but that where the nature of the ground rendered it most adviseable to place the dogs; then the huntsman, with his leam-hound, drew from the carrion to the thicket-side where the wolves had gone in; and here about a third part of the best hounds were cast off, and every endeavour made, by keeping well in with them, and encouraging them as much as possible to force them from the cover, which they were sure to keep as long as they could.

When the wolf came to the greyhounds and mastiffs, those who held them suffered him to pass by the first, and the last he came to were let slip full in his face; and at the same instant, all the others were let slip also; so that the first staying him ever so little, he was sure to be attacked on all sides at once, and thus he was the more easily taken.

MR. COLLINS, AND BIRMINGHAM THEATRICALS.

IT was related two or three months ago in a Daily paper (the *Morning Herald*), that Mr. Collins,

Collins, the author of the *Brush*, had settled in business at Bath. This, however, was not the fact, for Mr. Collins has been for a considerable time in partnership with Mr. Miles Swinney in the Birmingham Chronicle; in which paper Mr. Collins occasionally furnishes little pieces of poetry that are much admired for their taste, humour, and epigramatic point; they are in general signed BRUSH, and many of them have been copied into the numbers of this Magazine. We have ever noticed the productions of Mr. Collins with pleasure; his observations on theatrical subjects are always masterly, as witness the following on the opening of the Birmingham Theatre for the present season:

BIRMINGHAM, JUNE 21.

Our Theatre opened on Thursday last with Cumberland's Comedy of the Jew, in which Mr. Bannister gave us a highly-finished portrait of the benevolent Sheva; and indeed the performance at large was truly respectable; each character being appropriately cast, and, of course, well finished. The After Piece went off too with more spirit than could be expected from the unavoidable as well as sudden necessity of its substitution. Mr. M'Cready did ample justice to the occasional address *, and receives, as he merits, the Author's peculiar thanks; nor can we withhold our acknowledgments to the public for the candour and indulgence with which it was most unmeritedly favoured. The Young Quaker on Friday still tended to strengthen and increase our high opinion of Mr. Bannister, and we congratulate the town as well as the Manager, on so valuable a temporary acquisition to our Theatre. But before we drop the pen, Justice, with sovereign dictatorship, commands the tribute of our praise to Murray, who on Monday night, in the Roman Father, called up our tenderest feelings, and awakened every finer sense which man can boast; so energetic, so trembingly alive to every paternal and patriotic sentiment; so much the actor without seeming to be acting, that, since the days of Garrick, we have rarely seen the effects of Art so closely tread upon the heels of Nature. In short, we cannot but with pleasure premise, that if Mr. M'Cready, for the season throughout only keeps up to the sample of what we have already been treated with in the course of the first three nights, the Birmingham Theatre will this summer moult no feather of its wonted attractions, nor his own emoluments be found upon the wane; for, as good wine needs no bush, the bibbers will never cease to flock where the batch is so irresistible.

* See this excellent Address in our present Month's Poetry, Page 174.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Before Lord Kenyon.

WILLIAMS *against* GARRINGTON.

HORSE-STEALING.

[N. B. This Cause was omitted in course, it having been tried last Term.]

THIS was an action to recover back a sum of twenty-five guineas, paid by the plaintiff to the defendant for a horse, which, it afterwards appeared, had been stolen, and was claimed and taken away by the real owner.

Mr.

Mr. Mingay, addressing the Jury for the plaintiff, observed, that he should avoid troubling them with the circumstances relative to the stealing of this horse, the trial of the supposed offender, or his subsequent transportation for that or for some other offence; neither would he hint at the probability of the defendant's knowing the horse was stolen; it was immaterial to the merits of the case, whether he knew it or not. It would be sufficient for him to prove, that the horse was sold by the defendant to the plaintiff, who paid him twenty-five guineas for it, that it turned out to have been stolen, and that the plaintiff was obliged to restore it to the owner.

It appeared from the evidence that the horse in question was stolen from a field in Hampstead; that a man of the name of Chalk was afterwards apprehended for horse-stealing, and tried, but acquitted; and that the owner of this horse did not come forward, either to prosecute Chalk, or claim the horse. The horse, after being advertised by the Officers of Justice, and the owner not appearing, was delivered to Chalk. It was then sent to a livery stable over the water, where the plaintiff heard of it, and entered into treaty with the defendant, who had been the solicitor for Chalk for the purchase of it, and agreed for the price of twenty-five guineas. The plaintiff knew nothing of Chalk, but supposed the horse was Quarrington's: he accordingly paid him the money at a public-house, where Quarrington had contrived Chalk should be present. When the money was paid, Quarrington told the plaintiff he would give him a receipt. The plaintiff told him he did not want one, as the delivery of the horse was sufficient; but Quarrington insisted he should take one, and accordingly took out a stamp, wrote a receipt, pushed it towards Chalk, who signed it; then gave it to the plaintiff, who put it in his pocket without giving himself the trouble to look at it. Chalk was afterwards transported. The ground of the defence, therefore, was, that Quarrington did not sell the horse, but that Chalk sold him! and that this trumped up receipt was, with the assistance of Quarrington's clerk, to prove it. As a reason for Quarrington's receiving the money of the plaintiff, it was alledged that Chalk was indebted to him for business done as his solicitor, to more than that amount.

Lord Kenyon, by his countenance, which is very expressive on these occasions, seemed to indicate his disapprobation of the defence; but Quarrington, unwilling to give up the cause, was pressing several points to his counsel, which drew from Mr. Mingay an observation, "that if he rode the horse much longer, he would very probably ride off the roll."

Lord Kenyon said, a more gross defence he never had witnessed. It was evident Quarrington had sold the horse, and that the whole money was paid to him. From the conduct of the defendant on this occasion, his Lordship said he was inclined to make more unfavourable conjectures as to his honesty, than he had from former circumstances. His Lordship admitted the doctrine, that where a man had a lien on the property of another in his hands, he had a right to retain it; and if a man really, as the agent of another, sold property, which afterwards should appear to have been stolen, it would be unjust to make him liable to the consequences. But in this case, it was plain the defendant had not acted as the agent of another; he had put on the semblance of an agent, in order to cheat a man out of his money. The transaction would not pass muster.

Mr. Garrow. If your Lordship is of that opinion, I will examine no more witnesses.

Verdict for the plaintiff.

RECENT

RECENT ELOPEMENT.

THE lady who has lately eloped from her husband at Bath, is Mrs. Boddington, wife of Mr. Boddington, an eminent West India merchant of Mark-lane. Her gallant is a first cousin, and partner in the business with her husband, and bears the same name. Their fathers had been partners, and transmitted their business to their sons, who were bred together in all the intimacy of brothers from their earliest childhood.

On Mr. Boddington's arrival with his family at Bath, he received a letter from the seducer of his wife, requiring his immediate return to town on business of the utmost importance. Immediately on his arrival, he was followed by an express, communicating the intelligence of the elopement.

It was reported that Mrs. Boddington was gone off with her paramour to America, but that is not true.—The present history of that unfortunate family is briefly this: Mrs. B. wrote about the 22d of June, to the nurse in the country, informing her, she should come next day to see her children: when she arrived, she found they were removed: she returned in an agony of grief, and wrote to her gallant, Mr. Benjamin Boddington, "that she never wished to see him more!" The day succeeding, she was herself removed into the country, under the protection of her husband's friend, Mr. Morgan, of Hackney; and the place of her retirement is kept so secret, that even the postilion was *sworn* not to reveal it to any person whatever! The last tidings of her paramour, represent him to have been seen wandering about Enfield Chace in a state of extreme despair!—Mrs. B. was the daughter of Mr. Ashburner, a gentleman high up in the Council at Bombay: she was brought to England for an education, which gave her superior embellishments of mind, and person. Previous to the time allotted for her return, the attachment, violent, as it was mutual, was formed between her and her husband. The match, however, not being approved of by her friends, Miss Ashburner was actually embarked to return to India, and had proceeded to the Downs, when the Indiaman was brought to by a *white-flag* in the boat of her distracted lover, who, on coming on board, had the address to prevail upon her to return ashore with him, and there await his application for her father's consent; which in course of time he unfortunately attained, and thus laid the foundation of their future sufferings!

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

WOBURN ABBEY SHEEP-SHEARING.

ON Monday the 12th instant, his Grace the Duke of Bedford's sheep-shearing commenced, to which all the capital Farmers, Graziers, and Agriculturists, were invited, and his exhibition or shew of his new Leicestershire breed of sheep. The company present were, Messrs. Coke, Colhoun, Bevan, and many other gentlemen and breeders of sheep of Norfolk and Suffolk; Lord Somerville, Sir John Ramsden, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Northey, Mr. Lee Antonie, and many gentlemen breeders of sheep from the different counties in England—Mr. Arthur Young, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Stone (his Grace's surveyor), and the principal breeders of sheep of Bedfordshire and the neighbouring counties.

Notwithstanding the short time his

his Grace has turned his thoughts to this species of improvement, it is astonishing to find to what perfection he has carried the breed of this truly valuable animal, scarcely to be exceeded by the Leicestershire monopolists, a combination formed there to engross the best breed of sheep to themselves, called the " Society."

This meeting lasted several days, during which time the ancient English hospitality prevailed in all its glory. Dinner was provided and served up each day, in the great hall, at three o'clock, and there was not one word of *politics*. His Grace and Mr. Stone, his deputy, presided; his Grace enlivened the upper part of the table, and Mr. Stone did his utmost at the other end.

Notwithstanding the short time (which is only three or four years) his Grace has paid attention to the breed of sheep, his bailiff let the use of some of his shearing rams (i. e. one-year old) *for one season*, for fifty guineas each.

It is astonishing the advantage the country might derive in its improvement, from thus bringing together scientific and public spirited men from different parts of England, to converse freely on the different topics which relate to the promoting the utmost produce from the earth. It should seem, that his Grace was sent by Heaven to exhibit a contrasted lesson to mankind, in opposition to that baneful waste of every blessing, and the dissipating lavish extravagance which characterizes the rulers of this devoted country.

CROSSLEY THE ATTORNEY.

THIS notorious character, who has so frequently been the subject of enquiry in the several Courts of Justice, has at length been overtaken by those laws which he has hitherto eluded. His crime was a base perjury—and the sentence of the Court of King's Bench is as follows:—Mr. Justice Ashurst observed, that the defendant had been tried and found guilty upon an indictment for perjury. This was certainly a crime of a very heinous nature. It was against the laws of God, and very detrimental to society. This offence, said his Lordship, being satisfactorily proved against you, it is very necessary the Court should inflict a very heavy punishment. We therefore, having taken your case fully into consideration, " do order, and adjudge that you be imprisoned in his Majesty's gaol of Newgate for six calendar months now next ensuing; that within that time you do stand in and upon the pillory for the space of one hour, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, in New Palace-yard, opposite to the gate of Westminster-hall; and at the expiration of the said six months, that you be transported for the term of seven years, to such parts beyond the seas as his Majesty, with the advice of his Privy Council, shall be pleased to appoint."

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE COTSWOLD VOLUNTEERS.

Extract of a Letter from Stow-on-the Wold, June 12.

" ON Saturday last the Yeomanry Cavalry raised in this neighbourhood, and commanded by Captain Hippisley were reviewed near the town, by Colonel Hugonin. This corps which consists of about sixty or seventy men, went

went through the different evolutions with a degree of spirit and address that astonished the Colonel and the spectators. Their charge was admirable; in short, the Colonel said he had never inspected a better corps, and paid the highest compliments to the assiduity and skill of the Commander, and to the dexterity and adroitness of the whole body, who had never been in training till the month of February last."

THE COTSWOLD VOLUNTEERS.

See the Genius of Britain descends from his car,
He presents you the ensigns and trophies of war!
See the high-crested warrior, how proud he's to yield
The sports of the chace for the deeds of the field.
While the charger impatient advances with speed,
Where the heart-cheering clarion and Hipp'sley shall lead.

From their high Cotswold hills see the heroes advance,
Charge in battle array the marauders of France;
Tho' numerous the legions that threaten their coast,
They're backed by Religion's invincible host.
Their freedom, their duty, a sanction they plead.
To glory and honour when Hipp'sley shall lead.

The cause they're embark'd in, wherever they go,
Will strengthen each arm to chastise their fierce foe;
Whilst an Angel from Heaven as a Guardian attends,
Their parents, their infants, their helpmates and friends,
While they brandish their sabres, be this still their creed,
We fall not, we fall not, when Hipp'sley shall lead!

When valour restores them the blessings of Peace,
And the dread God of Battle bids discord to cease;
When the sword shall be sheath'd, and each heart-rending sigh
Be repaid by a tear from each joy-streaming eye;
Then Fame on his roll shall emblazen each deed,
Where loyalty, love, and where Hipp'sley did lead.

When the nations are glad and the floods clap their hands;
They triumphant return to their own native lands;
Then hills shall rejoice, and their vale laugh and sing
And greet those who fought for their country and King.
All shall bless those protectors who fear'd not to bleed,
But fac'd danger or death where'er Hipp'sley did lead.

On Monday, June 26, Colonel Hugonin reviewed the Cheltenham Yeomanry, commanded by Major Snell, and expressed himself highly pleased with the military appearance of the corps.

CRICKET MATCH.

ON Monday, June 26, and the following day, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-Bone, between eleven Noblemen of the Mary-le-Bone Club, against eleven Gentlemen of the Montpellier Club, for Five Hundred Guineas a side.

The account of this match coming to us so very late, we can only state the totals of the game, which were as follow:

MONTPELLIER CLUB.

First innings	—	47
Second ditto	—	153

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

First innings	—	161
Second ditto	—	40

Mary-le-Bone Club won by five wickets.

A Treatise on Farriery, with Anatomical Plates.

(Continued from page 73.)

IN the third stage, the nutricious juices of the part can easily come as far as the lips of the wound, and cover the extremities of the divided vessels, to repair the loss of substance. In the fourth stage, when the wound is filled up with new flesh, the surface of the wound begins to dry from the edges, and form a pellicle called a cicatrix, which is different from the teguments of the rest of the body.

Nature carries on the cure of a wound in the manner just mentioned, and art removes all impediments out of the way, by bringing the lips together by particular operations, by promoting the suppuration, by removing any thing that may prevent the regeneration of flesh, and promoting the formation of a cicatrix, and by preventing all accidents as much as possible, that may retard any of the intentions of nature.

The cure of a wound must be begun by the removal of all the strange substances, such as clotted blood, earth, sand, &c. which would hinder the closing of the lips of the wound, and consequently hinder their re-union. The lips of these sorts of wounds are to be brought together with the fingers, and they are to be kept in that situation, by such methods as the situation of the wound will allow, as bandage, agglutination, and sutures. When the wound is not deep, and happens on the limb, a bandage will serve to keep the lips together, which must be left to the ingenuity of the operator. When it is in the parts about the head, the dry suture will be sufficient. When the wound is deep in the muscular parts, a real suture must be made use of.

The suture is an operation, which, by the means of a needle and thread, or two or three together, bring together the lips of a wound, and keep them together till they are perfectly united. The needle must be crooked, and of a size sufficient to compass the wound: with this you must enter the flesh at a distance from the lips, almost equal to the depth of the wound, or the stitches will be apt to cut through the flesh, or when the lips are drawn together, there will be a hollowness left at the bottom, where matter may lodge and do a great deal of mischief. Waxed thread is better than silk, because it rots more easily, and is not so apt to cut. One stitch in the middle is sufficient for a wound of two or three inches long; and where wounds require more stiches, they may be at an inch distance from each other; or, if the wound be deep, somewhat farther.

Horses are so apt to burst the stitches when they get up or lie down, that this operation should be omitted, unless the wouuds are large and gaping, or lacerated and torn. Wounds that enter the cavity of the body, should always be kept open with a tent or dossil, armed with a digestive of turpentine, honey, and the tincture of myrrh, or the tiucture of myrrh and aloes alone.

The tents or dossils should be soft, loose, and very short, when they are put in the wounds of the fleshy parts, which is not convenient to stitch up; for when they are long, they are apt to breed sinuous ulcers, and foul the bones and sinews in those of the joints. Indeed it would be well if these sorts of things be always avoided, because they hinder in some measure the filling up of the wound with

with good flesh, and more so when they are crammed in hard; besides causing other bad accidents.

When a wound is deep, and does not penetrate inward to the bones, it will be best to make a counter opening, to prevent an abscess; but if it penetrates obliquely downward, a bandage will be proper, if the part will allow it to be used. When this cannot be done, it will be proper to use an injection with tincture of myrrh and aloes. But if the abscess is already made, and has continued for some time, the injection must be of a sharper nature, such as this which follows:

Dissolve half an ounce of Roman vitriol in a quart of water, and pour the water gently off into a large bottle. Then add half an ounce of camphorated spirit of wine, with the same quantity of sharp vinegar; shake them together, and then add two ounces of the Egyptian ointment: shaking it as before.

Four ounces, more or less, of this, according to the capacity or depth of the abscess, should be injected with a syringe that has a pipe that will reach pretty near the bottom, when the wound will not admit the body of the syringe itself, as they seldom will those that are large. When this has lessened the discharge, and brought it to a better consistence, it may be used once a day, and then once in two or three days. The matter should first be squeezed out from below or upwards, when the situation of the abscess renders it necessary.

Contused wounds of the joints should always have a pledgit laid over them, spread with the common digestive, and bound with a roller of broad tape or list. Before which, and when the wound is opened, bathing it with spirit of wine will be very proper. When you perceive any little abscesses lie under the skin, they must be snipped with the scissars to let out the matter, to prevent its corroding the ligaments.

In all the joints, but more particularly the knee, great care must be taken to prevent inflammations and fluxions; and when they are already begun, these symptoms may be abated by the following fomentations:

Take the tops of lavendar, rosemary, thyme, sage, camomile flowers, wormwood, bay-berries, and juniper-berries, of each an ounce; of water two quarts and a pint: boil them a little while, and then strain off the decoction; to which add a pint and an half of common proof spirit.

Some put two ounces of pot-ashes, and as much sal-ammoniac, into a decoction of this kind; but I can't pretend to say what great advantage it can be of. This fomentation is good in all bruises and punctures of the legs, especially where the wound is dry, and does not run: and it will be the more necessary, because these sort of accidents are often attended with the most violent pains. This liquor must always be made hot at the time of use, and a flannel cloth must be dipped in it, wrung out, and applied five or six times, one after another, when they begin to cool. This must be repeated morning and evening, till the wound begins to digest; and after the first small appearance of matter, the danger is generally over. This method is likewise exceeding useful for the swelling of the plate-vein after bleeding, and to stop the mortification sometimes brought on by rowelling

The cure of small simple wounds is easily performed by laying on dry lint first, and then tow upon that; or the lint may be dipped in friar's balsam, and laid on, and then, if there is any bleeding, it will

will soon stop it. When a large vessel is divided, and the bleeding or hæmorrhage is great, it will be best to apply slices of puff-ball, or agric of the oak, called touch-wood or spunk, and nothing else will be wanted for that purpose.

In gun shot wounds the bullet must always first be extracted if possible; but when it has passed quite through the limb, it seldom wants any thing but the pouring of spirit of wine into both orifices, and then a short tent armed with turpentine, honey, and tincture of myrrh. It ought always to be remembered, that spirituous medicines, and bathing with them, always agree best with these sorts of wounds. Profuse bleedings, if the vessels can be come at, may be stopped as above. If not, inject the royal tincture, to be had at the chemists in London, with a syringe that has a pipe of sufficient length. Both orifices must be kept open, till the wound is filled up with sound flesh. When there are any splinters of the bone, or it is become foul, the wound must be enlarged with a spunge tent, or an instrument. But then these cases are always dangerous.

When there is a symptomatic fever, it must be cured with bleeding, laxative clysters, scalded bran, and water gruel.

Burns of gun-powder may be cured by binding common salt thick on the part, and letting it continue for twelve hours; this will either prevent a blister, or dispose it to heal soon. And so will bathing it with rectified spirits of wine for an hour or longer, and afterwards once a day. If the burn is very great, make a poultice with salt, soap, and spirit of wine, and apply to the parts. When it is attended with a great swelling, lay on a poultice made with milk and elder-flowers. When there is proud flesh, mix two drams of red precipitate with an ounce of yellow basilicon to bring it down.

OF ULCERS.

An ulcer is a solution of continuity in a soft part; for when it affects the hard parts, that is the bones, it is called the caries. It may arise from an internal as well as external cause, and generally succeeds an abscess.

With regard to their dimensions, they are distinguished into great and little, deep or superficial. With respect to the place, if they are deep, they are called cavernous; when they are attended with a carnous excrescence, they are termed ulcers with an *hypersarcosis*. When they are surrounded with hardness and callosities, they are called callous ulcers; when the ulcer is inveterate, sinuous, and callous, it is termed a fistula. They are also called varicous, when attended with varices of the veins.

When they are joined to any other disorder, they have their name from thence: thus they may be said to be inflamed ulcers; painful, tumified, or ulcers with a caries. With regard to the matter that flows from them, they may be sanious, sordid, virulent, or verminous. The sanious ulcers abound with a serosity or *ichor*. Sordid ulcers send forth a thick sanies of different colours, as black, livid, ash coloured, and the like. A virulent ulcer is full of a limpid corrosive matter. The verminous ulcers produce animalcules, or small worms.

The causes from whence they proceed, give a different denomination to ulcers. Those that succeed wounds and open abscesses, and whose cause is only local, are said to be well-conditioned or benign. When they proceed origi-

nally from any disorder of the blood, they are called malignant. Cancerous ulcers are of the very worst kind.

The causes of ulcers are of two kinds; the one internal, the other external. The internal proceed from a depravation of the nutricious juices, or they are hindered from flowing to the extremities of the vessels, and without these the ulcers can never be incarned and cicatrized. Remedies designed only to consume fungous excrescences continued long on wounds, or after the opening of an abscess; dressings performed with an improper apparatus, such as tents, dossils, pledgits, canulae, &c. and other things, improperly applied, may be the external causes of ulcers.

Ulcers attending particular distempers already mentioned, I shall now pass by; varicous ulcers are known by the varicous dilatations of the veins round about them. A sanious ulcer may be distinguished from others, by a large quantity of sanious matter which colours the compresses black. A fistulous ulcer is generally straiter at the entrance than at the bottom, and the sides are hard and callous; verminous and fungous ulcers are evident to the sight. A cancerous ulcer has hard elevated reverted edges, and is soon filled up with fungous sanious flesh, and a stinking corrosive *ichor* proceeds therefrom, which eats by degrees into the flesh, and forms sinuosities on every side. The veins of the tumour are dilated and varicous, and the ulcer itself has a very disagreeable aspect.

The prognostic signs of ulcers are taken from their causes, and the parts in which they are seated; the more difficult it is to determine the cause of an ulcer, the more dangerous it is; simple superficial ulcers are attended with little or no danger, unless the blood is greatly vitiated. But when the edge rises above the surface, and grows callous, they are not soon levelled, in such a manner as to be fit for cicatrization. An ulcer with a caries of the bone is much more difficult to manage than a simple ulcer; and this is more or less, according to the place where the ulcer is seated, and to the good or bad state of the blood; as well as the causes from whence it proceeds. Cavernous ulcers are not so dangerous as sinuous ulcers, especially when the sinuosities terminate near a joint. Fistulous ulcers are still more dangerous, because they are often seated near the joints and other dangerous places, which render horses of little use when the cure is compleated. Malignant or putrid ulcers are always dangerous, because they are a sign of a vitiated blood; and when they have a carrion smell, with a large discharge of stinking ill-coloured matter, they genenerally end in a mortification. Cancerous ulcers are the worst of all, only they do not terminate so suddenly, but will suffer a horse to languish a considerable time before they kill. Varicous ulcers, which are seated among the blood vessels, are spungy and hard to digest, being full of a bloody *ichor*. These are very difficult to cure. But a simple varicous ulcer may be cured with great facility.

The cure of ulcers in general need not be largely insisted on, because, besides those already treated of, the poll-evil, fistula on the withers, the glanders, and quittors, will be mentioned in distinct sections.

A simple ulcer needs only be brought to the state of a clean wound, and then it may be treated as such, by incarning the cicatrizing applications. In order to perform this, it will be necessary to lay

lay the ulcer open if there be occasion, that its whole surface may be cleansed and deterged. This may be done with tincture of myrrh and aloes, and with yellow basilicon, and red precipitate. Also with two ounces of turpentine and honey, mixed with a dram of verdigrease. When the ulcer is deterged, it may be incarned with lint alone, provided the matter is laudable; if otherwise, a vulnerary balsam may be spread on lint, and applied. But no tents must be used, because they retard the cure, by preventing or destroying the sprouting granulations of the good flesh, or produce callosities. Deep ulcers should be kept open by filling them with lint, lest the lips should close too soon, and prevent the dressings from reaching the bottom. When the cavity is filled up with good flesh, it will be best to cicatrize with dry lint or *friar's* balsam. If there should be any inequalities, they should be taken down with blue vitriol, powder of myrrh, burnt allum, red precipitate, &c.

(To be continued.)

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is now I believe nearly twelve months, since I addressed you upon the subject of the improvement of the breed of horses, and flattered myself that ere this, some plan would have been adopted to encourage a more useful and serviceable breed, than our present racers, of that noble animal. In my former letters, I hope I have fully proved the folly of giving such extravagant prices for stallions; and in this, shall endeavour to point out a method by which it will be possible always to have horses of eminence in every country, and yet their price such as would enable every farmer to breed from them.

The prevailing practice of giving plates, is certainly very proper; but notwithstanding the number annually subscribed, they conduce but little towards the general improvement of the breed of horses; for, from the light weight usually carried for every fifty, horses of such little bone are enabled to start for them, that the idea of speed is ever uppermost in the minds of breeders, and entirely obliterates every consideration for those more essential and necessary qualities, strength and utility; so that numbers, after having run a few times are, from their weakness, broke down, and after having passed the *fiery ordeal*, condemned like "DIBDIN's *high-mettled racer*," to drag out the remainder of their days in poverty and misery. This it is to be lamented too frequently occurs, as it is obvious that out of six horses which start for a plate, we seldom see three able to carry so trifling a weight as 9st. four miles, with any proportionate degree of ease: and this will ever be the case while horses are permitted to start so young; for if a foal indicates a superiority in bone and size, he immediately becomes the victim of his own excellence, and is completely ruined by being trained when perhaps only a yearling; otherwise, had he been permitted to remain unbroke to a more mature age, would have won a good number of plates without the least distres. Indeed ECLIPSE's wonderful superiority may in a great measure be justly attributed to his never having started until five years old, by which means he was at that age able to bear with ease, for the KING's PLATES, all those six-year olds which had unfortunately been

been trained so much earlier. Should fortune favour me with an opportunity of purchasing a well-bred, good sized bony horse, which had been treated in this merciless manner, I would certainly buy him, and permit him to cover for a trifle; and if those persons who bred from him would send mares of equal goodness, I have no doubt but they would be equally successful, and rear as good stock as those who, without consideration, resort to stallions of the highest price, under the idea that because they are dearest they must be best. As a remedy for these evils, I would propose, that wherever there are annual races, there should be one plate at least for horses, &c. of a specific qaulification; that is, they should be bred in the county, and got by a stallion which covers in it; they should not be considered as qualified to start until four years old; and in order to prevent the introduction of any horses belonging to the *family*, and to put every sportsmun and breeder upon an equality, they should be *bona fide* the property of freeholders or inhabitants. Suppose, for instance, I name the four following places of sport all in this county, viz. ASCOT, LAMBOURN, ABINGDON, and READING. *Ascot* should give a plate of fifty pounds for *maiden* four-year olds, who should run three-mile heats, carrying 10st. *Lambourn*, fifty pounds for five-year olds, who should run four-mile heats, carrying 11st. 6lb. *Abingdon*, fifty pounds for six-year olds, who should also run four-mile heats, carrying 12st.; and *Reading*, fifty pounds for all ages, one four-mile heat, four-year olds carrying 9st. 6lb. five-year olds, 10st. 10lb. six-year olds, 11st. 8lb. and aged, 12st. Mares allowed three pounds for all the plates; and the winner of this plate in any former year, carrying five pounds extra*, and that the expence of breeding may be

* HIS GRACE the DUKE of RICHMOND gives an annual plate of fifty pounds, which is run for at LEWES by SUSSEX *bred horses*, &c. all ages, one four-mile heat, carrying the above weights: their only qualification is, being *foaled* in the county; but they are not restricted as to being the property of freeholders, or got by a county stallion; so that the plate is, as will be seen by the annexed list, generally won by some horse or mare, whose dam was perhaps covered in another county at as high a price as the value of this prize, and purposely brought here to *foal*, in order that her produce might be qualified to start for this plate, by being *dropped* in SUSSEX.

	Owners.	*Winners.*	*Ages.*	*Got by.*
1769	Not run for, no horses being entered.			
1770, 1771	Sir Ferd. Poole's —	Sharpshins	aged	Unknown
1772	Sir Mat. Featherstone's —	Proserpine	6	Henricus
1773	Sir Ferd. Poole's —	Shepherdess	5	Driver
1774	Mr. Belson's —	Don Dun	5	Brilliant
1775	Sir J. Shelley's —	Staring Tom	4	Latham's Snap
1776	Duke of Richmond's —	Secret	4	Apollo
1777	Sir Ferd. Poole's —	Master Slender	5	Latham's Snap
1778	Duke of Richmond's	Gay	aged	Surly
1779, 1780	Sir J. Shelley's	Everlasting	4, 5	Eclipse
1781	Ditto — —	Bay Filly	4	Goldfinder
1782	Sir Ferd. Poole's —	Sussex	4	Eclipse
1783	Mr. Panton's —	Glider	4	Trentham
1784	Earl of Egremont's —	Camilla	4	Trentham
1785, 1786	Ditto — —	Brighton	4, 5	Trentham
1787, 1788, 1789	Ditto — —	Driver	4, 5, 6	Trentham

1790 Sir

be reduced as much as possible, it would be adviseable as the means of inducing persons to breed from untried horses, and of obliging the owners of stallions, to permit them to cover at a moderate price, that every horse, &c. got by an untried stallion, should be allowed three pounds; and that every horse, &c. whose sire covered the season his dam was put to him at a higher price than *one guinea* and *half* a *crown* a mare, should carry three pounds extra for each plate; and if at *two guineas* and *half* a *crown*, seven pounds; and no horse, &c. whose sire covered at a higher price than that, to be permitted to start. This plan, if universally adopted would, I am confident, be of more real service to the breed of horses, than all the matches and sweepstakes which have been run at NEWMARKET: it would also rescue the turf from its present ignominy, by effectually banishing the *black legged fraternity*, and prove a source of great pleasure and benefit to equestrians in general; as from the weight those horses are to carry, some attention would be requisite as to a proper portion of bone, in both sire and dam, by which they would, if unsuccessful as racers, be of sufficient strength for the generality of sportsmen, to whom they would doubtless prove valuable hunters. In fact, some plan of this sort is become absolutely necessary, for whether from the number exported to the continent, or a degeneracy in the breed. I cannot determine, but there are fewer good horses now than ever.

Hoping these hints will meet with that attention from sportsmen and breeders, which the subject so justly demands, I shall conclude with apologizing for having taken up so much of your Magazine, and am, Gentlemen,

Your much obliged,

A LOVER of the TURF, &c.

Wargrave, Berks,
June 4, 1797.

EPSOM RACES, 1797.

A Dispute which arose on Friday in the race week at Epsom, from an accident which happened in running the second heat for the three and four year old plate, we understand is to be referred to, and decided by, the Members of the Jockey Club. The following circumstances occasioned the dispute:—The race was contended principally between Sir F. Standish's Paroquet, and Mr. Hide's Coiner, the latter of which won the first heat; but in running the second, Mr. Hide's colt, *after* passing the distance post, several persons very incautiously crossing the course within the ropes at the instant, ran over two or more of them,

	Owners.		*Winners.*	*Ages.*	*Got by.*
1790	Sir Ferd. Poole's	—	Jemima	4	Satellite
1791	Lord G. H. Cavendish's		Æolus	4	Garrick
1792	Sir H. Featherstone's	—	Quetlavaca	4	Diomed
1793	Earl of Egremont's	—	Cinnabar	4	Mercury
1794	Sir Ferd. Poole's	—	Waxy	4	Pot8o's
1795	Earl of Egremont's	—	Gohanna	5	Mercury
1796	Sir Ferd. Poole's	—	Waxy	6	Pot8o's

Lately there has also been a plate given at HAVERFORDWEST, for horses, &c. *foaled* in either of the counties of PEMBROKE, CAERMARTHEN, or CARDIGAN, three-mile heats, weight 12st. So far both those plates are advantageous; but were the horses obliged to conform to all my restrictions, I think they would prove more so, as it would induce many persons to breed, the expences of which would also be considerably lessened, and the freeholders not have to contend with greater *jockeys* than themselves.

them, the Jockey was thrown a considerable distance, and received material injury by the fall, so much that it was humanely suggested, that if he was conveyed to the scales, to prove the colt had brought in his weight, it would endanger his life. The second heat, of course, was won by Paroquet. Mr. Hide conceiving the colt entitled to start for the third heat, as did those persons who had betted on him, engaged another Rider; but those who had money on the filly objected, stating that there was no proof of the colt having brought in his weight.——The greater part of the betts will remain unsettled, it is said, till the affair is decided by the Jockey Club.

The CHACE, *a* POEM. *By William Somerville, Esq.*

(Continued from page 79.)

BOOK I.

THE Chace I sing, Hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou Great Prince!
Whom Cambria's tow'ring hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.
While grateful citizens with pompous shew,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy way with flow'rs, and, as the Royal Youth
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth!
And if in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right and guileful, shou'd invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or shou'd strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand;
Thy Hunter train, in cheerful green array'd,
(A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils)
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage thro' th' embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame; inspir'd by thee
The nobler chace of glory shall pursue
Thro' fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of death.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach Perfection's height;
So mimic Art works leisurely, till Time
Improve the piece, or wise Experience give
The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
New, and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide,
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude
Untrain'd; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
And scour the plains below; the trembling herd
Start at th' unusual sound, and clam'rous shout
Unheard before; surpriz'd alas! to find
Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their lord,
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood;
Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound; at last
Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their shoulders broad, the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars smokes a sacrifice
To that all-gracious Pow'r, whose bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts

Of

Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first began
The chace of beasts; tho' bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt. For the green herb alone
Unequal to sustain man's lab'ring race,
Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food. So just is Heav'n,
To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after times
Some few improvements made, but short as yet
Of due perfection. In this isle remote
Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor skill'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts
Victorious William, to more decent rules
Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
His list'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join
In bloody social leagues, the multitude
Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd isle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care! To thee, 'tis giv'n
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
That bore the great Pelides thro' the press
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks!
Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins
Cheerful his course; and ere his beams decline,
Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degen'rate race.
In vain malignant steams, and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts,
The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exercise, to raise
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vig'rous youths, by smiling Fortune blest
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise fore-fathers care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor: to reign the steed
Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
Op'ning in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What tho' the gripe severe
Of brazen fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove; tho' blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous scene
In all it's splendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way:
Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded vet'ran's sole delight.

First let the Kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide op'ning to receive
The sun's all cheering beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch,
And bask, in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the streaming light, and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muses aid; untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expence, on charitable deeds
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor,
Pinch'd with afflictive want: For use, not state,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.

O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd
bones,
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense, on which the sports-
man's hope,
And all his future triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn
or eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile
streams,
To wash thy court well-pav'd, nor spare
thy pains,
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the
rocky steep,
And brush th' entangled covert, whose
nice scent
O'er greasy fallows, and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit
The nitrous air, and puryfying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care:
In a large square th' adjacent field inclose,
There plant in equal ranks the spreading
elm,
Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court,
A large canal fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Downward thy structure and inverted grove.
Here when the sun's too potent gleams an-
noy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd
tongues,
And drop their feeble tails; to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe; soon shalt
thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts
revive:
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the
stream,
There lave their reeking sides, with greedy
joy
Gulph down the flying wave, this way and
that
From shore to shore they swim, while
clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled
flood:
Then on the sunny bank they roll and
stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton
rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursu'd,
The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye
Attend their frolicks, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy
head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a
voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft
in sport
Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant
they seize
Each other's throats, with teeth, and claws,
in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on
the ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd cham-
pion lies:
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
Loud-clam'ring seize the helpless worried
wretch,
And thirsting for his blood, drag diff'rent
ways
His mangled carcase on th' ensanguin'd
plain.
O breasts of pity void! t' oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless
head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n!
Emblem too just of man's degen'rate race.

Others apart by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor! 'mong the ranker
grass
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand
divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribe
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great physician. Now grown stiff
with age,
And many a painful chace, the wise old
hound
Regardless of the frolick pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade; there many a
ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubt-
ful soil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his
speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting
prey:
And in imperfect whimp'rings speaks his
joy.

A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chace
Select with judgment; nor the tim'rous
hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile
offence
To the mean, murd'rous, coursing crew;
Intent on blood and spoil. O blast their
hopes, just Heav'n!
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With

With disappointment and severe remorse.
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play: by nature led
A thousand shifts she tries; t' unravel these
Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with count'nance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning nose
Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy;
His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
Fleack'd here and there, in gay enamel'd pride
Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide-spread thighs,
And his low dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
Or far-extended plain; in ev'ry part
So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean
Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrass'd bleeds; but if too small,
The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow swims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep
Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring thorn.
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

(To be continued.)

To the CONDUCTORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Curious method of Catching a Hare with Spirit of Vitriol or Turpentine.

SIRS,

I Have never written to you prose, but if the following experiment in Hare-hunting is worthy a place, you will indulge me.

Twenty-five years ago (a young man) I had a most capital pack of high-bred harriers, horses, and sportsmen in the field, as most masters. The *agendo* was our motto; the slow and dull science only, the "*odora canum vis*," we procrastinated to these years. A sharp run was the *parole*, countersign *neck*. Before Christmas, we wished to have the *hares of March*. The circuiteening mazes of the animal, brought the dobbins as soon in at the death, as our heroes on the breed of Snap, Regulus, and Babraham; for we all had that blood.

However, a young chymist one night over our bowl, found a capital method of procuring a straight forward run. "Suppose (says he) we have a small phial of spirit of vitriol, or even of turpentine, and tie it firmly by a wax thread, at right angles, to a long steady wand, (such as a sheriff's for instance) within an inch of the end of the staff. When a hare is found sitting in furzes, it is a very easy matter almost to catch her sometimes. By creeping gently, and turning the little phial, at arm's length, so as to drop some of the drops on her loins, the animal springs off at a tangent tickled (perhaps, I fear, tortured) by this volatile spirit, that there is no period to her flight, till tired nature droops, or the hounds cause her exit."

This was practised with uncommon success, but I forbear the repetition, as I am sure the public eye of late has been pretty severely imposed on by real or fictitious Fox-hunts.

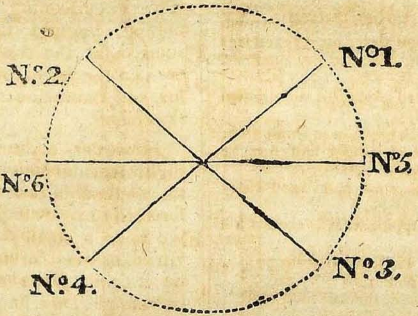
I am, Sir, your's,

CAPTAIN SNUG.

The WORDS *of* COMMAND, *and a brief Explanation of the* NEW SWORD EXERCISE. *By Sholto Sorlie, serjeant in the 7th (or Queens own regiment) of Light Dragoons.*

(Concluded from page 93.)

The following Type of the Six Cuts should have appeared in our first Extract, Page 388, first Number in this Volume.



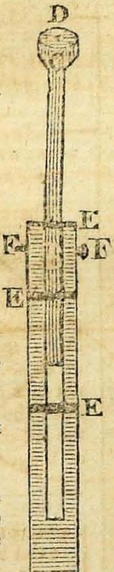
OF PRACTICAL MOTIONS.

THE men having performed the attack and defence in speed, the next thing to be done, is to give point to the right and left at the ring. There should be a ring post and ring for each division. The divisions are to be formed about thirty yards from the ring posts they are to run at, the right hand man always taking care to advance one horse's length in front of the division.

They will set off in a canter, and increase their pace as they approach the ring. Come to *prepare to guard*; then *guard*; then come to the position of *front give point*, resting the sword firmly on the peak of their helmets, drawing the sword hand well back, and looking stedfastly at the ring, taking care to have their left shoulders well up to the front; they will give point strong, and immediately guard their sword arm, as we now suppose they are giving point to the right. They will ride about thirty or forty yards on the other side of the post, where they will form up in their proper places, fronting the posts. They will next give point to the left; the same instructions with respect to starting, &c. as in giving point to the right, with this difference, that after giving point to the left, they guard their bridle arm instead of their sword arm, taking care always to look the way they guard.

No.

No. 1. *Ring Post.*



No. 1. *Ring Post explained.*

A. The part that fastens in the ground.

B. The center piece that slides up and down.

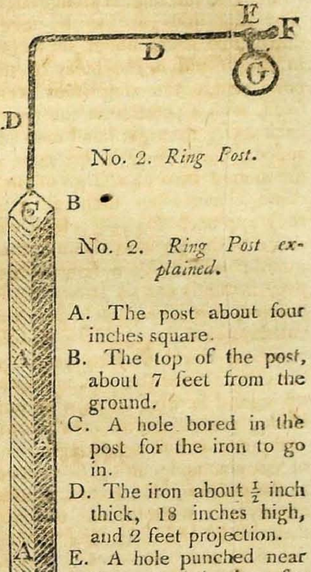
C. The top of the center piece, made stronger than the other part, to support the ring iron.

D. A hole bored to put the ring iron in.

E. Iron straps nailed on the standing piece, to keep the center piece ready.

F. A bolt made to keep the center piece to its proper height.

N. B. This is the properest post to be made use of, as the height can be varied.



No. 2. *Ring Post.*

No. 2. *Ring Post explained.*

A. The post about four inches square.

B. The top of the post, about 7 feet from the ground.

C. A hole bored in the post for the iron to go in.

D. The iron about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, 18 inches high, and 2 feet projection.

E. A hole punched near the end of the iron for the hook F.

F. A hook made to turn round in E, with the point a little raised.

G. The ring is made flat, is 5 inches over, about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and is about three-fourths of an inch in the flat.

OF GIVING EDGE, OR PROVING CUT 5 AND 6, CAVALRY MOVEMENTS.

The next thing to be done after running at the ring, is giving edge. The ring irons are to be taken down, and sticks about six inches in length put in the holes of the posts where the ring irons were fixed, with a potatoe on the top of each stick; the right hand men advance a horse's length, the same as mentioned before, and go off in a canter, increasing their pace as they approach the post; they will come to the *prepare to guard*, then guard; will make a feint of cut five, instantly cut six strong at the potatoe, and immediately after the cut six, guard their sword arm, ride on about thirty or forty yards on the other side of the post, and form up again fronting the post, and having proved cut six, will return and prove cut five, making a feint of cut six, and cutting five strong at the potatoe, taking care, as soon as they have made the cut, to guard their bridle arm. Having proved cut five and six, cavalry movements, they will proceed to prove the infantry cuts, which is done as follows:

OF GIVING EDGE, INFANTRY MOVEMENTS.

The starting, &c. the same as already mentioned. Having come to the position of *guard*, they will come to the position of *on the right to the front parry*, and just before they come to the post, they will parry, and instantly cut (two) at the potatoe, bring the sword to the position of St. George, and when come opposite to the other post, cut (one) and bring the sword to the position of the *prepare to guard*, ride on about thirty or forty yards, and form up as before-mentioned; they will return by cutting (three) at the first post, and cutting four at the second. After cutting three, the sword must be brought to the position of St. George; and after cutting four, to the *prepare to guard*: for in the infantry cuts, the men are never to guard themselves after they make a cut.

HOW THE POSTS ARE TO BE FIXED TO PROVE INFANTRY CUTS.

There is nothing better for this business than two picquet posts, with holes bored in the tops of them to put the sticks in; but if you have none, you must have posts about four feet six inches long: they must be drove down about seven paces from each other, not in a direct line, but one to be fixed about one pace and an half to the left of the other, at the extent of those seven paces.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BY giving the annexed account of a very extraordinary severe Fox Chace, a place in your next Magazine, you will much oblige a constant reader.

I. S.

BEWDLEY, MAY 29, 1797.

A short time since, the harriers belonging to A. Prattinton, Esq. of Ribbesford House, near Bewdley, in the county of Worcester, found a Fox in Owney Coppice, near Newnham's Bridge. He immediately crossed the river Rea, and ran through the parishes of Knighton, Neen Sollers, Milsom, Coreley,

ley, Nash, Boraston, and Burford, leaving Tenbury a short distance to the left; thence to the farther part of the parish of Greet, in the county of Hereford, within three miles of Ludlow, from whence he reverted by a wide ring, and ran up through the parish of Hope Bagot to Gasty Ruff, on the Clee Hill, where he was frequently viewed by the hounds, and with great difficulty escaped. He then skirted the south-west side of the hill, and returned with some deviation through each of the above named parishes, to within a mile of the cover where he was found. He again crossed the Rea, and ran through Gaudywood Park, and was taken alive at Marbrook, after a chace of six hours, running more than sixty miles, and affording a day's sport scarcely ever equalled. Upwards of thirty horses were out, but only two were in when the Fox was taken, viz. Mr. Prattinton's and Mr. Wheeler's. Most of the others had been done up some hours.

A Chronological History *of* Boxing.

(Continued from Page 374.)

GEORGE Taylor succeeded Fig, as Proprietor of the Amphitheatre or Booth, at Tottenham Court, about 1740; and here was fought several battles by Broughton, who beat all who opposed him, particularly George Taylor, Jack James, Field a sailor, &c. But that which deserves most notice is, his battle with Stevenson a coachman, of which Captain Godfrey, in his "Treatise on the Art of Boxing," gives the following account:

"This battle, for a considerable sum, was fought April 24, 1741. It continued forty minutes, with various success. After about 35 minutes, being both against the rails towards the pit, and scrambling for a fall, Broughton got such a lock upon Stevenson, as no mathematician could have devised a better. There he held him by this artificial lock, depriving him of all power of rising or falling, till resting his head for three or four minutes on his back, he found himself recovering; then loosed the hold, and on setting to again, he hit Stevenson as hard a blow as any he had given him during the battle, that he could no longer stand, and was forced to yield."

The next battle of any consequence, was between Tom Smallwood and ---- Dimmoks, a carman. Smallwood, thought inferior to none in point of bottom, was, after a severe contest of three quarters of an hour, obliged to yield to the superior strength and skill of his antagonist.

June the 16th, 1741, Taylor beat the noted Prince Boswell, a gipsey, and son to the king of that wandering people. He was remarkable for a particular blow with his left-hand at the jaw, which seldom failed of breaking it; but with all his judgment he wanted spirit or bottom, by which Taylor obtained an easy conquest.

July 19th, a severe battle, though of short duration, was fought between Jack James, and the noted Chicken Harris, a poulterer, which was won by the former.

November 23d was fought, one of the most severe boxing matches that had been for many years before, between Richard Hawes, a back-maker, and Thomas Smallwood,

wood, for 50l. The hardiness and intrepidity of these men, continued the fight with alternate success upwards of an hour; but at length victory decided in favour of Smallwood.

On the same day were several bye-battles; particularly a very good one between the noted Buckhorse, and Harry Grey, a clog-maker.

April 28, 1742, a long expected battle was fought for 100l. between William Willis and Smallwood, which was won by Smallwood.

As there is something extraordinary in the challenges of this time, we shall insert that which preceded this battle as a specimen.

DAILY ADVERTISER, APRIL 26th 1742.

" At the Great Booth, Tottenham Court, on Wednesday next, the 28th instant, will be a trial of manhood, between the following champions:

" Whereas I, William Willis, (commonly known by the name of the *Fighting Quaker*) have fought Mr. Smallwood about twelvemonths since, and held him the tightest to it, and bruised and battered him more than any one he ever encountered, though I had the ill fortune to be beat by an accidental fall, the said Smallwood flushed with the success blind Fortune then gave him, and the weak attempts of a few vain Irishmen and boys, that have of late fought him for a minute or two, makes him think himself unconquerable; to convince him of the falsity of which, I invite him to fight me for one hundred pounds, at the time and place above-mentioned, when I doubt not but I shall prove the truth of what I have asserted, by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross buttocks.

WILLIAM WILLIS."

" I Thomas Smallwood, known for my intrepid manhood and bravery on and off the stage, accept the challenge of this *puffing Quaker*, and will shew him, that he is led by a *false spirit*, that means him no other good, than that he should be chastised for offering to take upon him *the arm of flesh*.

THOMAS SMALLWOOD."

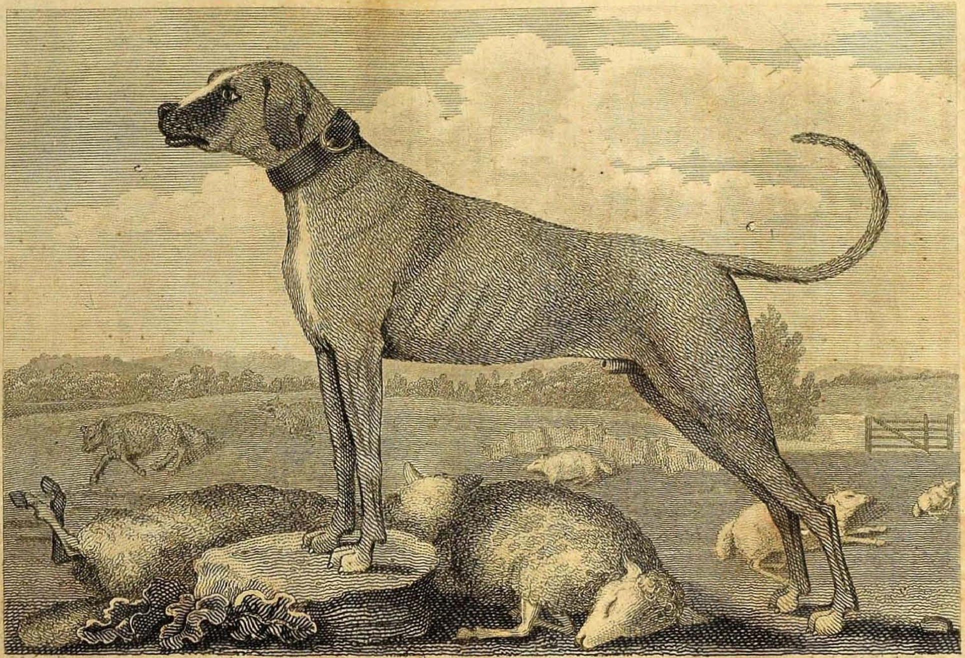
" Note. The doors will be opened at ten, and the combatants mount at twelve.

" There will be several bye-battles as usual; and particularly one between John Divine and John Tipping, for five pounds each."

May 5th, a battle was decided in favour of Patrick Henley, by beating a noted boxer, named John Francis, alias the Jumping Soldier.

The Nobility and Gentry having complained of the inconveniencies sustained at Taylor's Booth, prevailed on Mr. Broughton, who was then in note as the first bruiser in London, to build a place better adapted for such exhibitions. This was accordingly done, principally by subscription, and opened on Tuesday, March 13, 1743, when four battles were fought between eight picked men, viz. Evans, Weeps, Belos, Glover, Allen, Spikes, Grey, and Milbourn, who were matched according to the approbation of the amateurs present. There were also several bye-battles, and a battle-royal between the noted Buckhorse and seven or eight others.

All



Drawn by Revd Cooper Williams from the Original in the possession of Powell Snell Esqr Guiting grange Glostershire — J. Scott sculp.

LION.

Published July 1 1797 by J Wheble Warwick Court

All the principal encouragers of the science giving their sanction to Broughton and Taylor, and the others finding that their exertions could not prevent the Tottenham Court booth from being deserted, for Broughton's more commodious theatre, gave up the contest; and on condition that Mr. Broughton engaged to make good to them the loss incurred by the forfeiture of the articles, they agreed to leave the booth, and to fight no longer but on his stage.

Mr. Broughton thus became sole manager and proprietor of the boxing theatre, engaged all the first performers, and reared many pupils, who were afterwards expert professors of the gymnastic art.

(To be continued.)

LION—A MASTIFF DOG.

With an Engraving of his Portrait.

THIS dog, says our valuable correspondent, who sent us the drawing from which the print is taken, was a remarkable good one, for protecting the house and property for some years; but at length he got out at nights, though he must have leaped a park wall eight feet high. Several sheep were killed round the country, but as he was always at home early, he was not suspected; however, Lion one night in the year 1739, was found in the middle of a field near the park, belonging to a farmer Wood, of the neighbouring village, standing (as in the picture) looking about, with slaughtered and wounded sheep and lambs, amounting to the incredible number of SIXTY-THREE, all bitten in the throat, and the shoulder of one eaten. They were all brought to Mr. Snell, the proprietor of the dog, who paid 20l. for him; some were recovered, the meat ones given to the poor, and the others to his hounds. Being a great favourite, Mr. Snell did not kill him, but gave him to Mr. Wilcox, a mercer at Gloucester, whose servant, on a Sunday, taking a walk with him to Cheltenham, he, on the road, took a fancy to the calf of an old woman's leg (an easy transition from *lamb* to *calf*), and tore it much, for which he was hanged. An itinerant painter coming about soon after the immense slaughter, Mr. Snell had his picture drawn. One incongruity may strike, that he should look so empty, when so gorged; but the painter took him as he saw him. Moreover, Mr. Snell wished to have his shape delineated, he was so exceedingly well made, and very large; he was of a bay colour, and from the appearance of his head, of the mastiff genus.

It may be necessary to mention, that Mr. Snell, the proprietor of the dog, was a country gentleman of Gloucestershire; but the name of his seat we are not acquainted with.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The HORSE'S *Epostulation with his* MASTER. *A Dream.*

IN consequence of having been safely and pleasantly conveyed on horseback, through the whole course of a long journey, on my return home I was led to reflect on the various and unwarrantable methods too frequently practised, seemingly with no other view, than to deprive us of every convenience which nature has designed a horse to afford us; so various, that to recite

cite them would be endless; and so unwarrantable, that could the recital be faithfully accomplished, it would be deemed to exceed the bounds of probability.

It is a very old observation, that the most striking incidents of the day, often make part of our dreams the night following; and thus it happened with me; for in my dream, my horse appeared before me, and to my no small astonishment, addressed himself to me in a clear masculine tone of voice, in words to the following effect:

"Sir, I hope you have found me somewhat serviceable in your late excursion; and I should esteem myself ungrateful, if I did not acknowledge that your humane treatment of me, ever since I have been under your protection, did justly lay claim to every return in my power. My present situation is the more sensibly pleasing to me, as I can compare it with some others; for though I am but little advanced in years, I have nevertheless endured many hardships. The three first years of my life would have indeed passed in perfect tranquillity, had not a farrier almost burnt me to death with a *comfortable* drink, composed of the most fiery ingredients, which he drenched me with when I had the strangles. This struggle over, I was again suffered to graze quietly, till the horse-breaker was ordered to make me gentle, who, to do him justice, was well qualified to have tamed a far more dangerous animal than myself, if blows, and almost starving, had been the properest means to obtain this end. He was paid liberally both for corn and hay; the former I never tasted, and the latter, when given me, was scarcely eatable: reduced to a shadow, I was brought home, and pronounced thoroughly broke. The groom then took me under his care, and if before I had too small an allowance, I am certain I had now a too plentiful one; voracious from the famine I had lately sustained, I devoured all the abundance he so constantly tempted me with, the natural consequence of which soon shewed itself in those various forms, which make it necessary to call in the farrier! a name I can never think of but with horror! as I cannot forget the torment he occasioned me to endure, by cramming, and that repeatedly, his nauseous black balls down my throat, which the next day produced a sickness and pains, which no description can equal. With youth, and a good constitution on my side, I escaped with life, and as soon as I was able to crawl about, the servants were ordered to ride me by turns, to make me quite fit for his *Honour's own riding*! from which period, you may be well assured, I could not want employment. But the business of the day did me no prejudice, in comparison with that of the night; how frequently have I been taken from a hot stable, been galloped (after I had eaten plentifully) for miles without mercy, and afterwards been left tied to an alehouse door, exposed to all the rigours of the most inclement season? Or how could it be any matter of wonder, if with this treatment, my master should dislike my looks? especially when the groom told him, that good keeping was thrown away upon me, and that he did verily believe I was quite rotten. Alarmed at this dreadful word, he ordered me to be offered to a neighbouring dealer, and to part with me at any rate. The groom and the dealer understood each other perfectly well, and to his stable I was led that afternoon. My exultation at this change was but very short; for although my new master

suffered

suffered me to wallow in luxury and idleness, yet he was sure to make me smart for it in some part or other of my body. His first whim (and most severely did I feel it) produced four deep gashes in my tail, and then, as if he gloried in his conceit, and my misery, he improved both, by suspending a heavy weight to a rope through a pulley fixed to the cieling, and tied to the extremity of the tail; so that on every variation of posture, my wounds, when they began to heal, were perpetually torn open; and thus did he amuse himself with my rather pitiable condition, for a whole fortnight. His next frolic was to punch out two of my teeth; after which, he marked some with a burning iron, and filed some others, because, forsooth, he said it was pretty to see them all level, white and even. At length, as I suppose, merely from being at a loss for new experiments, he sold me to a wealthy citizen, who wanted a safe horse to carry him to his country house every Saturday evening. In this service I had no reason to complain of any hardships; the only inconvenience I found, was breathing the air of a close stable for five days in a week. My service here was near its expiration; for my master having staid somewhat later than usual one Sunday evening, and having taken his glass rather too freely, rolled off my back on his return to town; and although I could not in pity to his helpless condition, find in my heart to stir one step, yet had he the conscience to tell his wife that his blundering horse threw him, and that he had made a firm resolution never more to venture his neck, by mounting again so arrant a stumbler; and accordingly, to carry on the farce actually sold me in a day or two to a country squire, who kept hounds, for a trifle, who was hugely delighted with his purchase, saying, if the beast proved too slight to carry him, he would suit little Davy, his whipper-in, to a hair. And here it was that I enjoyed what I so lately wished for, more exercise and a purer air. But unfortunately for me, the person who shod *all the 'Squire's horses*, was one of those obstinate bunglers who hate all improvements, and will neither endure contradiction nor instruction; the very first time he shod me, he pared my sole to the quick, scooped my frog quite hollow, and set me upon two points of iron at my heel; in short, he disabled my foot from ever being in its proper position, or from performing any part of its proper office. Inevitable lameness was the natural consequence, which the smith boldly asserted to be owing to an old grievance in the shoulder, and that boring that part with a red-hot iron would be an infallible cure. To this proposal, my master had too much humanity to consent, though I remember he swore, that if grass and rest did not cure me, the dogs should; which merry conceit the by-standers applauded with a loud laugh. My shoes once removed, my feet at liberty to receive their natural form, all appearance of lameness vanished; but as the idea of my being chest-foundered dwelt uppermost in my master's mind, he was determined, by that opinion, to take the first opportunity to part with me. When you purchased me, he told the strictest truth, in warranting me a sound horse; though he had but little merit in this declaration, as he was conscious that he believed the very reverse to be the case: my sufferings from that happy period were at end. Of all my services, it is from your's alone, Sir, that I can truly say (whilst you think me deserving of it) that

shall depart with regret, as it will become doubly grievous to me, when I have tasted so much good fortune, to become a post-chaise horse, and be flayed alive; or be doomed to groan out the remainder of my days, under the oppressive shafts of a dung or a gravel cart."

Here my emotion was so great, that it awoke me from sleep. Hurrying on my cloaths I hastened to the stable; and for some time (so forcibly had my dream impressed the belief of its reality) I could hardly be convinced that I must necessarily be in a dream, ere I could again reasonably expect to hear my horse talk.

EXTRACTS *from* THE WILL, A COMEDY—*See an account of this Play in our Magazine for April, page* 400.]

First interview between SIR SOLOMON CYNIC, *and* CICELY COPSLEY, *the Game-keeper's daughter.*

SCENE in ACT I.

An Apartment in SIR SOLOMON'S *House.*

Enter SIR SOLOMON, *followed by* CICELY.

Sir Sol. I Tell you, it's in vain—your appplication's useless—you are useless—your whole sex is useless.

Cic. Nay, Sir Solomon—

Sir Sol. I tell you, women are of no use—none! but to nurse children, mend linen, make puddings, and beat their husbands.

Cic. But consider, your Honour, the hare was killed by accident, not by design; the dogs chased it into your grounds; and I hope Mr. Realize wont dismiss my poor father——

Sir Sol. Keep off—keep within your magic circle—I hav'nt been within the reach of a woman these twenty years; and you are the very last I'd suffer to come near me. I have often observed you in my walks—often noted your mischievous smiles, your penetrating eyes, and I don't like them—I say, I don't like them—so keep your distance. I won't be made a fool of a second time.

Cic. A second time, Sir Solomon!

Sir Sol. Aye; I was once as much in love as Mark Antony, and like him I was deserted by my Cleopatra. His queen chose a mighty conqueror to be false with; but my Susannah, my fantastic Susannah, fixed her affections on a dancing master—a caperer! and ever since I have had such a contempt for the sex—[*Cicely lays hold of his hand*]—Holloo! you touched me! I feel the shock—I am electrified—I'm——What sweet lips the gipsy has!

Cic. If you would only pay a visit to our cottage, and be eye witness to the distress you will occasion! Your nephew, Mr. Howard, has often been there; and if you would come and imitate his charitable conduct, I and my sisters would be so grateful—[*Still laying hold of his hand.*]

Sir Sol. Your sisters! Pooh! nonsense! what should I do amongst a parcel of young giddy, romping——Hark'ye! are all your sisters as handsome as yourself?

Cic. Handsome! How you flatter, Sir Solomon!

Sir Sol. I don't—You're the most lovely, most bewitching—Susannah was a dowdy to you! Look here, now—look at the omnipotence of Love! a man is never secure from its influence; and if he lives independent of the sex till he is

is so old and decrepid that he cannot stir from his bed, yet then, even then, he may fall a victim to its power.

Cic. 'Tis Mr. Howard!—Now I'll ask him to intercede for me.

Sir Sol. Howard?—So it is! and somebody with him—Go—don't let us be seen together—I'll come to the cottage soon after sun-set; and if the hare was really killed by accident ——Hush!—begone—no caressing—we'll reserve all that for by and by—[*Cicely exit.*]—So—I have once more the true Mark Anthony feel.

SCENE in ACT III.

A Room in COPSLEY'S *Cottage—Birds of Prey painted on the Wall—A Recess, with several Trusses of Straw in it—Before Recess, an old green Curtain, partly broken down—A Table and two Chairs—Basket with Apples—Jug of Ale, and small Mug.*

Sir SOLOMON *discovered kneeling to* CICELY.

Sir Sol. Oh you loveliest of all creatures! When I railed at the sex I did not know you—You have converted me! your charms have made me a proselyte, and here I swear—here in this low, submissive, suppliant — Wheugh! [*Whistling with pain.*]—This it is to be out of practice! My knees are so unaccustomed to the office, that I believe I'd better get up while I'm able—[*Rises*] So, come, I'll give you a toast, my little Cherub—[*Goes to the table, and takes up a jug of ale*]—Here's Cupid! victorious Cupid!

Cic. Lord!—You're so gallant, Sir Solomon!

Sir Sol. Gallant!—I have more requisites for a lover than any man since the days of Mark Antony. I can write sonnets, throw glances, talk nonsense, tell lies, sing, dance—No, hang it! I can't dance—if I could, I shouldn't be compelled to drink——"Confusion to all dancing masters!" [*Drinking*]

Cic. Well; but your Honour! I hope my poor father will be restored to his situation—I am so unhappy——

Sir Sol. I see you are, and I know the cause—Take comfort—I'll give you love for love!—But how shall we meet?—How carry on our amour in a snug, private, pastoral way?—How shall I steal to you unnoticed and unseen?—And now I think on't—Zounds! I hope nobody's observing us—if I should be found out!—if I should be detected in an intrigue!

Cic. An intrigue, Sir?

Sir Sol. Hark'ye: to make all safe, we'll go to London. There we may make assignations without being talked of or interrupted.

Cic. [*with anger*] Indeed!

Sir Sol. Yes. There half the town are playing at the same game—But here in the country, if one gets a sly kiss, the whole village is sure to hear the smack of it.—So Marybone is the mark—a new house and smart liveries!—a curricle and a pair of greys! a piano forte and a lap-dog—and you shall go by another name.

Cic. What! shall I change my name?--Oh, Sir!—[*curtsies very low.*]

Sir Sol. To be sure: you shall no longer be called Cicely Copsley.

Cic. Shall I be your wife!—Oh dear! [*with great joy.*]

Sil. Sol. My wife?

Cic. Shall I be Lady Cynic?

Sir Sol. You Lady Cynic!—You my —— Ha! ha! ha!—Why,

my

my dear girl, you misconceive—I wish to intrigue myself; I don't want to be the cause of intriguing in others—Marry you!—Lord help you—I wouldn't take such a liberty. [*Knocking at the door*] Hah! What—Who's here?

Cic. Heaven knows—Perhaps my father, perhaps Mr. Howard, perhaps——

Sir Sol. A dancing master! Oh you sorceress, you've lured me here to expose me!

Howard. [*without*] Holloo! Copsley! Cicely!

Sir Sol. Howard's voice! Mercy on me! If you don't get me off, I'll have your father hanged—I'll—Here—I'll go into this room.

Cic. Stop, that's my chamber—Here, Sir, go into that place [*pointing to the recess*], and I'll draw the curtain before you.—Quick!—quick!

Sir Sol. This is my first amour these twenty years: and if ever I come near a petticoat again, may Cupid fly away with me!—[*He enters recess, and sits on a truss of straw*]—So—draw the curtain.

Cic. I can't—You see it's broken down, and—Dear! dear!—How shall I fasten it?

Sir Sol. Here—here!—My cane has a sword in it—[*Draws the sword out of the cane, and gives it to Cicely*]—If there's a cranny in the wainscot, run this through the curtain; if not, run it through my body.—[*Cicely gets upon a chair and runs the sword though the curtain, which supports it*]—Oh woman! woman!—Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!—[*Sir Solomon is concealed, and Cicely opens the doors.*]

Enter MANDEVILLE *and* HOWARD.

Howard. [*holding the door open, and looking out*]—Look out—look out, I tell you—'Tis Realize and the Governess; and by their coming this way, I fear you are discovered—Hush!—observe.

Mand. I do; and see! the young naval officer is advancing towards the cottage!

Howard. So he is!—We must avoid him.

Albina. [*without*]—"The stormy main, the wind and rain."—[*singing*]

Howard. Ah, you chirruping scoundrel!—I tell you what—We had better step into this apartment, and let Cicely get rid of him—Mind, nobody is here, Cicely.—That a naval officer!—Pooh!—Don't you see through his disguise?

Mand. Disguise!

Howard. He's a bailiff!—Can't you discriminate between the navy and the law?—between a sea officer and a sherriff's officer?—I know by the rascal's impudent swagger that he's a bailiff!—Here he comes!—Mum!—Retire. [*Exeunt at the opposite door.*]

Enter ALBINA *in a Naval Uniform.*

Alb. [*spying and walking round the room.*]—"The stormy main, the wind and rain!"—[*singing*] I don't see Mr. Howard!—"My ardent passion prove!"—He's concealed somewhere, I suppose—"Lash'd to the helm"—[*Goes up to the curtain*] He's here!—"Should seas o'erwhelm"—

Cic. [*Stopping her.*] What do you want, Sir?

Alb. "To think of thee, my love!" [*Trying to undraw the curtain.*]

Cic. [*Pulling her away.*] There's nobody there, Sir.

Alb. Then they're here!—"And think of thee, my love!"—[*Goes toward the door.*]—Perhaps, after all, he is really gone to Bristol; and his lungs are so much out of order. [*Trying to open the door, and finding it locked*] Lock'd! Where's the key?—Oh! oh! [*Stoops down*] I see him through the key-hole!—

Oh!

Oh! you barbarian! [*Cicely tries to pull her away*] If you touch me, you little vulgar thing, I'll cut you into atoms!—I see you, Mr Howard. [*Hollowing through the key-hole.*]

Cic. Sir, I beseech you—

Alb. [*Trying to pull the door open*] Oh! if I could but get at him!—Come out, Sir; or I'll pull the door—[*Shaking it violently.*]

Enter HOWARD.

Howard. Well, Sir! What do you want, Sir?—What have you to say?

Alb. Say, Sir! I'am glad your lungs are better.

Howard. [*Standing before the door.*] My lungs!—Hark'ye, Sir; if you want Mr. Mandeville—

Alb. I want you, and only you, Sir!—My name is Herbert—I am first cousin to Albina: and if you don't instantly fall on your knees, and ask pardon for the insults you have put upon her, I'll make you a companion for that wild goose—I'll run you through the body, and pin you against the wall—'Slife! now I look at you, I wonder what she could see in your ugly face to be so fond of you.

Howard. I'm glad it's not a bailiff, however. [*Aside*] Sir, if you are that lady's cousin, I must inform you she isn't worth my pity, or your resentment. She is neither faithful to her lover, nor affectionate to her father—In short, Sir, I thought her a child of nature, and I found her a Becky.

Alb. A Becky!

Howard. Yes: a Becky, Sir!—And till she reforms her conduct, not all the fighting men in Europe ſhall make me alter mine. This is my determination, and so you may tell her, good Captain Bobadil.

Alb. Bobadil!

Howard. Yes: Bobadil may tell Becky—

Alb. Draw, Sir. [*Pulls out her sword.*]

Cic. Hold! I entreat you—What is the cause—

Alb. You.—Come, Sir. [*Flourishing her sword.*]

Cic. Me!

Alb. His love for you is the cause. Sir Solomon told me of his falsehood, and now—

Cic. Sir Solomon told you?—Oh! base, slanderous man!—Love never brought Mr. Howard to our cottage. No: he came from a far better motive—to bring money to my father—to relieve the distresses of his family: and, with gratitude I speak it, he has already saved us from ruin.

Alb. Indeed!

Cic. Yes: but for him we should have perished; and, as a proof I wasn't the object of his affections, often and often have I heard him say, that Miss Albina was the girl of his heart, and that he never would or could love any other.

Alb. [*Smiling.*] Oh! did you say this, Mr. Howard?

Howard. You have heard my determination. I will not be teazed with interrogatories.

Alb. [*Going up to him*] Nay: don't be so hasty, Mr. Howard. Consider, if Sir Solomon has deceived me—

Howard. 'Tis now too late, Sir.—Your visit; her partiality for her perfidious governess; and her neglect of a too liberal parent, are all—all so disgraceful, that, if ever I love again, depend on't Albina won't be the object.

Alb. [*Sharply.*] She won't!—Who will then, Sir?

Howard. Who, Sir?

Alb. Ay: who, Sir?—Will this little, coarse, insensible peasant?

Howard. Insensible! Look him in the face, Cicely [*taking her hand*] tell him you would die to serve your father; and ask him if Albina would shed a tear to save her's.

Alb. He presses her hand!—Let it

it go, Sir!—If you value your life, take away your hand, Sir!

Howard. Why? She deserves it as much as your cousin!

Alb. I can't bear it! Take it away! Then say your prayers, for you hav'n't a moment to live!—[*Poking at him with her sword.*]

Howard. Keep off, Sir—You see I've no arms.

Alb. No arms! That's a poor evasion, coward!

Howard. Coward! Oh! That I could find a weapon!—is there no poker—no knife—no—Ha!—what do I see?—A sword! Now, villain!—

Cic. Hear me, Sir—Don't touch it, for Heaven's sake!

Alb. Hear her, Sir—Don't touch it, for Heaven's sake!

Howard. Thus I expose folly and deception! [*Pulls out the sword that supports the curtain; it falls, and Sir Solomon is discovered sitting on one truss of straw, with others around him.*]

Howard. Expose folly and deception, indeed!

Alb. He's innocent! he's innocent!—Oh! Howard!

Howard. What! the old woman-hater turned poacher! Ha! ha! ha!—Why, uncle!

Alb. Why, man of straw! Ha! ha! ha!—Look—how the old fox squats in the stubble!—Come! [*handing him out*] What have you to say?

Sir Sol. Nothing. I'll go home, and read Paradise Lost!

Howard. And curse Cupid and Mark Antony.—And now, Sir! [*to Albina*] What have you to say?

Alb. That I sincerely ask your pardon: that I see you have been slandered — cruelly slandered — And if Albina was before partial to you, she shall now esteem you more than ever. Will you forgive me Sir? I'll tell her all that has passed—every thing.—No: I wont tell her you called her Becky. You don't call her Becky now, do you?

Mrs. Rigid. [*Without.*] Mr. Herbert! Mr. Herbert!

Alb. You hear I'm called Sir—Do we part friends?

Howard. We do: I'm satisfied.

Alb. And I needn't mention Becky?

Howard. No! no!

Alb. Then, let my Governess say what she will, Howard is the husband for Albina! [*aside*]—Farewell, Sir?—we shall meet again. Cicely, there's money for you. And, Sir Solomon—the next time a game-keeper catches one of your hares, don't snare one of his daughters, and make him starve for it into the bargain! And also, to cover your own poaching practices, don't slander an innocent Gentleman. If you do, I'll chain you to your bed of straw, depend on't. Adieu! Mr. Howard!

"Lash'd to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,
"I'll think on thee, my Love!"

[*Exit.*

Sir Sol. Sir, you may smile, and chuckle, and triumph; but I'll be revenged on you and Mr. Mandeville yet. I know he is in that room. I saw him sneak in there; and while Realize secures him, Veritas shall secure Albina. I'll overtake Mrs Rigid—the match shall take place this very night; and then, Sir—

Howard. Nay; why should you fret? Upon my soul, I think you're a very lucky fellow—If you had not been in the straw, somebody else might; You understand?

Sir Sol. I do: and I've plague enough with nephews, without wishing for children to torment me. Let me go—let me follow Mrs. Rigid [*Cicely stops him*]. Out of the way, Jilt! Sorceress! Jezabel! or, to sum up all in one emphatic word—Out of the way, Woman! [*Exit.*

LAW REPORT.

GUILDHALL, LONDON, JUNE 14.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon and a Special Jury of Merchants.

DUNNAGE, ESQ. *v.* SIR T. TURTON, BART. FOR CRIM. CON.

THIS action was brought by the Plaintiff, to recover a satisfaction from the Defendant for criminal conversation with his wife. The damages were laid at Ten Thousand Pounds.

The cause lasted the whole day. Mr. Erskine, Mr. Garrow, Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Giles, were Counsel for the Plaintiff; and Mr. Percival, Mr. Adam, and Mr. Warren, for the Defendant.

The Plaintiff is a Merchant in the City; and the Defendant a person of distinction and rank, and reported to be a gentleman of very large and ample fortune. One part of his history, and which perhaps in the course of this cause would not be immaterial, was, that he had been bred to the profession of the law, and called to the practice of it. He had therefore been bred to a profession which had for its object to contemplate and to estimate the moral and civil relations of life which he had thought fit to violate; to contemplate the nature of crimes in general, as well as of this particular crime, which he was charged with having committed. At what time Sir Thomas Turton first became acquainted with this lady was not known. She was the niece of a Mr. Fryer, formerly an eminent Merchant in this City; being the daughter of his brother, he educated her, and considered her as his child; and by his will gave her an ample fortune. The case he should be able to prove, would compel the Jury to give the Plaintiff all the damages he had stated in his declaration. The Plaintiff's lady was possessed of great beauty and accomplishments. The Defendant also had been married eleven years to an amiable and accomplished woman, and was the father of seven children by her. For the purpose of seducing the wife of the plaintiff, the Defendant took a room in the Carolina Coffee-house, in the City, and went there by the name of Mr. Thomas. While the Defendant was engaged in this deliberate seduction, a very young person, of the name of Sarah Sefton, assisted in carrying on the criminal intercourse between him and this lady. This young person was an orphan, and left under the protection of Mr. Dunnage, senior. She was entitled to some little fortune on her coming of age: she went and lived as a sort of companion to the plaintiff's wife. Sir T. Turton had been engaged in destroying her mind, destroying her character, and ruining her prospects in the world. She regarded the Plaintiff and his lady as her relations. Mr. Erskine here stated the substance of her evidence, and which, as she was the first and principal witness for the Plaintiff, we shall state at length.

After the Rev. Mr. Hughes had proved that he had performed the marriage ceremony between the Plaintiff and his lady, on the 15th of April, 1788,

This young lady, Sarah Sefton, was examined. She said, she was sixteen years of age, was an orphan, and had been left under the protection of Mr. Dunnage, sen. In the year 1795, she went into the service of Mrs. Dunnage, by Mr. Dunnage's desire, and lived in the family as a companion to her. She said, she was acquainted with the person of Sir T. Turton, whom she

saw about three months after she had been in the family. She first saw him in Gray's Inn Gardens. She had gone there with Mrs. Dunnage, in their chariot, which set them down at the end of Warwick-court, which leads up to the gardens. The carriage and servants remained there till she and her mistress returned to them. The first day they went there, Sir Thomas did not come at all. The second day they went, he was there when Mrs. Dunnage and she got into the gardens. She was left at one end of the gardens, while Mrs. Dunnage and Sir T. Turton walked together. She was directed to walk by herself. They continued together about two hours. He then left her at the end of the gardens, when Mrs. Dunnage and she returned to the carriage that was waiting for them at Warwick-court. The place where Sir Thomas took leave of her was not within sight of the servants. These visits were repeated for two months, sometimes once, sometimes twice a week; and the same course was pursued when they met in the gardens, till towards the latter end of that time, when Mrs. Dunnage and Sir Thomas went out of the gardens and left the witness there. They might be absent two hours. When they returned, Sir Thomas remained in the gardens, and Mrs. Dunnage and she returned to the carriage. Mrs. Dunnage and the Defendant retired in this manner out of the Gardens five or six times, leaving her there, and returned after a considerable time. She said, she once accompanied Mrs. Dunnage to Kensington Gardens in the chariot, attended by her own servants. The carriage stopped at one of the gates, when Sir Thomas was there waiting. The carriage was ordered to stop, and Mrs. Dunnage, Sir Thomas, and she, went into a hackney-coach, and, after driving she knew not where, the coach stopped, and Mrs. Dunnage and Sir Thomas went together into a house, after which the hackney-coach drove to a public-house in another street. She continued in it all the time. It remained there about two hours, when the coachman was called. Mrs. Dunnage and Sir Thomas came into it, and the coachman drove them to Kensington Gate again. Sir Thomas did not accompany her to her chariot. This only happened once. She said, she knew the Carolina Coffee house, and that Sir T. Turton had a room there. He went by the name of Mr. Thomas. She carried letters to him there from Mrs. Dunnage, and took answers back to her. The answers which she carried back were directed to Mr. Wilkin. She delivered those answers to Mrs. Dunnage, who opened them. She kept those answers a day or two, and then destroyed them. She did not know any person of the name of Wilkin. She carried letters twice or three times a week to the Carolina Coffee-house. When Sir Thomas was not there, she received letters from the bar which he had left there, and these she delivered to Mrs. Dunnage when alone. They were all addressed to Mr. Wilkin. Mrs. Dunnage sometimes read these letters to her They contained expressions of Sir Thos. Turton's love and affection for Mrs. Dunnage. They sometimes began with *My Dear Love,* and sometimes with *My Dear Margaret.* There were some letters addressed to the witness by the name of Miss Sefton; these commenced with *My Dear Sister.* She said she always burned them after she had shewn them to Mrs Dunnage. These letters were signed *John Anstey.* The letters that were addressed

dressed to her were mere appointments, by which Mrs. Dunnage might know when to meet Sir Thomas. This correspondence was carried on about three months, and till they were detected. Sir Thomas Turton only visited pri vately at Mr. Dunnage's house. She used to go up to a bed-chamber, and look out at a window in the front of the house communicating to the street. She went there sometimes at six o'clock at night, and sometimes earlier in the evening. She placed herself at the window, sometimes with a candle, and sometimes not, and Sir Thomas used to stand on Mr. Thellusson's steps, a house nearly opposite, in Philpot-lane. The moment she saw him, she used to go down and let him in. The plaintiff's house was so constructed, that there was a door leading to the private house, unconnected with the house of business. Sir Thomas did not knock or ring. He used to go up to the two pair of stairs dressing room, where Mrs. Dunnage usually was. She knew when to expect Sir Thomas on those evening visits. Mrs. Dunnage used to order the dressing room to be cleaned more particularly than usual, when she expected Sir T. Turton; and she generally put on a clean gown and clean stockings. When Sir Thomas and Mrs. Dunnage were in the dressing-room, she, the witness, was ordered into the bed-room. The door was locked in the inside after Sir Thomas came in. They continued there sometimes an hour, and sometimes an hour and a half, and then she used to let him out in the same manner as she let him in. On those occasions she used to observe powder on the carpet. Mrs. Dunnage wore powder. There was usually a round place of powder on the carpet. She never observed it except after Sir T. Turton had been there. She generally cleaned the carpet after he was gone: sometimes it was difficult to get out; she never washed it out but twice. She let Sir Thos. Turton in often, and when he and Mrs. Dunnage did not continue in the dressing-room, they went into the bed-room, and locked it fast: she then remained in the dressing-room. They might continue in the bed-chamber an hour and a half. She then let him out in the same private manner as usual. After Sir Thomas was gone, she once made the bed with the assistance of one of the servants; Mrs. Dunnage herself once assisted in making it. The powder used to stand on the bed-room table. Mr. Dunnage once returned home while Sir T. Turton was there. She put Sir T. into a closet that was in the bed-room. She was in the bed-room when Mr. D. returned; and Sir T. and Mrs. D. were in the dressing-room. She knocked at the door, and told her mistress Mr. D. was come home. After she had put the Baronet into a closet, Mrs. D. remained in the dressing-room; and had told her before Sir T. came, if Mr. D. should come home while he was there, to put him into this closet. Mr. D. came up into the dressing-room, where he only continued about two minutes, and went out again. Sir T. then came out of his lurking place, and after wishing Mrs. D. good night, went away. She remembered another time, when the Baronet and her mistress were alarmed: Mr. D. had a party of friends to dinner, and Mrs. D. dined with the company: after dinner she retired to her dressing-room, about six o'clock at night. Sir T. came about half past six, in the usual way. She looked out for him, and he was introduced in

 the

the usual way into the dressing-room. They were in the dressing-room when Mr. D. came up to desire Mrs. D. to go down to supper. Sir T. was put into the closet again. Mrs. D. did not go down to supper; she said she was not well enough to go; at that time, Sir T. was in the closet in the bed-room. Mr. D. returned down stairs to his friends. Sir Thomas then came out into the dressing-room, and after remaining there about a quarter of an hour, went away. He was let out in the usual private manner. She remembered another time when Sir T. and her mistress were together, when an alarm was given. They were in the dressing-room, where they had been for an hour. Mr. D. and his brother both came home. It was about ten o'clock at night. Mrs D. came down stairs and played upon the harpsichord till she let Sir T. out. He was obliged to pass the door of the room where Mr. D. and his brother was. On the evening when they were detected, she knew Sir Thomas was to come: she did not see him that evening till some time after she had been watching: she let him in as soon as she knew he was there. He went into the dressing-room to her mistress, and she went into the bed-room. He had been there about ten minutes before any alarm was given: she heard a great noise coming up stairs She locked the bed-room door. The dressing-room door, she believed, was locked Mrs. D. locked it. She knocked at the door of the dressing-room as soon as she could. Mr. James Dunnage, the Plaintiff's brother, knocked at the bed-room door, and Mr. Foster, the clerk, at the dressing-room door, at the same instant. As soon as the knocking began, Mrs. D. came into the bed-room, where the witness was, leaving Sir Thomas in the dressing-room; but the Baronet, in his fright, ran after her into the bed-chamber. The Plaintiff's brother and the clerk broke both doors at once. Mr. James Dunnage then asked Sir Thomas, what business he had there? Sir Thomas, in reply, said, he came there on business with Mrs. D. and then took his hat and went down stairs. There was a great deal of confusion on this discovery. As she had to answer before God at the day of judgment, what she had sworn was true, and the person who was found by the Plaintiff's brother and clerk with this lady, in the bed-room, was the same man who had been with her in Gray's Inn Gardens, at Kensington, and whom she had frequently introduced into the Plaintiff's house in the private manner she had described.

On cross-examination, she said, she had been living at old Mr. Dunnage's house since this discovery was made. The Plaintiff and his wife lived comfortably together, though they sometimes quarrelled. He was frequently intoxicated. The plaintiff was frequently intoxicated, with parties of his own. She remembered him once going to bed drunk, before the company broke up. He left his wife with the company, who had dined with him, and went to bed at nine o'clock, and she not till twelve. Three were no ladies at all of the party. She recollected him once brought home drunk, and remembered his coming home very frequently intoxicated. Sometimes he used to sit and sleep in the parlour. She had cleaned the sheets of the bed of the effects of his intoxication, before Mrs. D. could go to it. She had been requested by Mrs. D. sen. to say things which she told her she could not say consistently with truth.

truth. She said to her (the witness) it would be but a white lie, and was what trades-people did every day, and what the rest of the servants would do.

John Chambers said, he was a waiter at the Carolina Coffee-house, and confirmed the last witness, as to what she said respecting the Defendant's assuming the name of Thomas.

Martin Foster, the Plaintiff's clerk, confirmed Miss Sefton's testimony as to the manner of the detection of this criminal intercourse.

Lucy Rogers was the Plaintiff's cook, and spoke to a number of meetings between her mistress and the Defendant in the course of last summer, when the family resided at Clapham Common.—After she and the Defendant had been walking about the Common, which they often continued to do for the space of two hours, she fell ill, and was confined to her bed for ten days. The Defendant was every day riding about the Common near the house; and the first day she went out to meet him after her illness: when they met, they shewed great eagerness: he embraced her, and *seemed almost to eat her up*. She was once called up at ten o'clock, to make the bed, when there was an impression of two bodies having been in it, and the cloaths all tumbled. Mrs. D. was in a loose dressing gown powdering her hair. Miss Sefton informed them when Sir Thomas was expected; and she, the witness, used to go up stairs, and hear two voices in the room, when there was only her mistress in the house: she never saw any gentleman there, but several times heard two voices, and one of them the voice of a man. Mr. D. was not then at home.

It appeared, from the will of this lady's uncle, that she had a fortune of 16,500l. for her sole and separate use, exclusive of her husband, and not subject to the payment of his debts, during her life.

Mr. Percival made a very able speech for the Defendant, in which he endeavoured to shew, that no adultery had been committed, though he readily admitted his Client had been guilty of great indiscretion and imprudence. Sir Thomas was possessed of considerable property, which he had chiefly acquired by marriage; and if the Jury should find a verdict for the Plaintiff, for any considerable damages, it would not only be punishing the Defendant, but his innocent wife and children. To that hour, the report of that criminal intercourse had produced no abatement whatever of affection between Sir Thomas and Lady Turton. He certainly had put himself in a situation of temptation, in which no wise man would wish to be placed. The learned Counsel made a great number of very ingenious observations on the evidence given for the Plaintiff, and thought it clear, that the Plaintiff had not paid such attention to his wife as such a wife deserved. She was told by her husband, that it was by no means clear that she was possessed of an independent fortune, and was threatened by him with respect to it: the consequence was, that as Sir T. Turton was acquainted with the law, this lady was glad to have his opinion with regard to the arrangement of her affairs. It was therefore on that business that she and the Defendant had a number of private meetings, and not for the purpose of carrying on any criminal intercourse.

Lord Kenyon, in a most excellent summing up to the Jury, said, whatever might be the effect of this cause, whether it was or was not favourable to the Defendant, he believed that all who had heard

the Counsel who had just sat down, would not impute it to any want of abilities or exertions in him. There were two points which presented themselves for the consideration of the Jury. The first was the basis and substratum of the whole cause. Whether the FACT, which was the foundation of the action, had been committed or not. If they were satisfied on that point, the second was the damages they ought to give. Before they examined the evidence that had been given, it was fit to see whether the witnesses stood *recti in curia*, or whether there was any imputation on account of which their evidence ought to be rejected. —His Lordship here directed the attention of the Jury to the most material parts of the evidence; and told them, if they deemed it necessary, he should go through the whole of it. If the Jury, after sifting the evidence, were satisfied the fact took place, then the question was, what reparation they were to make to the man who had been injured. To the feelings of a virtuous husband, who had a strong affection for his wife, the Jury's own consciences, their own feelings, would tell them, no reparation adequate to the injury could be made. A wounded spirit—who could bear? or who could repair it? It had been said, if damages should be given against Sir T. Turton, the interests and the feelings of a virtuous wife, and of innocent children, would be involved. His Lordship said he felt, and his heart bled for them; but it had been a part of the law of all nations, from the time of Imperial Rome down to the moment he was then speaking, that, among the several checks to rein people, and to keep them within the paths of virtue, not only their own interests were to be involved, but also the interests of those who were nearest and dearest to them. It was supposed, that when men knew they could not violate the laws of their country, without at the same time involving the dearest interests of all who were connected with them, that it would operate as a powerful curb to deter them from the commission of crimes. One was sorry for the Defendant's wife and children: the Jury would take them into their consideration, with all the attention they ought to pay to them. Some had been of opinion, that the laws of High Treason ought not to continue in all their penal consequences. One of the greatest and most polished geniuses of the country had demonstrated, to the satisfaction of most, that these laws ought to exist; because it was supposed they would act on the minds of people; having in view the interests of those who were dear to them, would secure their walking in the paths of virtue, and conformably to the laws of the country. —There was one other topic. Mr. Dunnage, it had been said, had not behaved himself as a decent and delicate husband. His Lordship was sorry to say, that, up to a certain degree, he thought that had been proved. A man leaving his wife in jovial company, was likely to break in upon her delicacy; and delicacy was the best guard of female virtue. If he had put her in that situation, though not intending it at the time, his Lordship thought it weighed a little in the scale against him.

The Jury, after considering £ their verdict for a few minutes, found for the Plaintiff—

Damages 5000l.

CRICKET MATCHES.

MONDAY, JUNE 5.

A Match was played on Linton Green, between the gentlemen of Stowmarket and Eye, when,

when, after the most capital and manly handling, the game was terminated in favour of the gentlemen of Eye, with only six men out.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6, AND THREE FOLLOWING DAYS.

A Grand Match of Cricket was played on Lord's Ground, Mary-le-Bone, between five noblemen of the Mary-le-Bone Club with six players of Surrey, against five noblemen and six players of England, for One Thousand Guineas each side.

SURREY.

FIRST INNINGS.

T. Walker	101	Run out.
H. Walker	56	b. Boxall
Robinson	17	b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Beldam	0	b. Boxall.
J. Wells	3	b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Hon. Col. Bligh	15	b. Ditto.
J. Walker	1	c. Hammond.
G. Louch, Esq.	9	c. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Hon. H. Tufton	3	b. Boxall.
Earl Winchelsea	6	Not out.
T. Mellish, Esq.	0	c. Fennex.
Byes	4	
	215	

SECOND INNINGS.

T. Walker	0	c. Hon. Col. Lenox.
H. Walker	13	c. Hon. J. Tufton.
Robinson	2	st. Hammond.
Beldam	0	b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
J. Wells	9	c. Harding.
Hon. Col. Bligh	4	c. Hon. Col. Lenox.
J. Walker	4	b. Boxall.
G. Louch, Esq.	2	c. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Hon. H. Tufton	4	Not out.
Earl Winchelsea	5	b. Boxall.
T. Mellish, Esq.	2	Run out.
Byes	0	
	45	

ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.

J. Small, jun.	1	c. Hon. Col. Bligh.
Harding	2	c. H. Walker.
Hon. J. Tufton	2	b. J. Wells.
Ld. F. Beauclerk	53	c. Hon. Col. Bligh.
Hammond	82	b. Robinson.
Fennex	11	st. Hon. H. Tufton.
Boxall	41	Not out.
Hon. A. P. Upton	0	st. Hon. H. Tufton.
— Hussey, Esq.	2	b. J. Wells.
Hon. Col. Lenox	0	st. Hon. H. Tufton.
Freemantle	20	c. Ditto.
Byes	1	
	215	

SECOND INNINGS.

J. Small, jun.	12	b. J. Wells.
Hon. J. Tufton	7	Not out.
Lord F. Beauclerk	1	b. J. Wells.
Hammond	22	c. Hon. H. Tufton.
Hon. A. P. Upton	4	Not out.
Hon. Col. Lenox	0	b. J. Wells.
Byes	0	
	46	

England won by six wickets.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7.

A match was played on Amberley Hill, by the gentlemen of Arundel, and the gentlemen of Chichester, which was decided in favour of the latter, by 101 runs.

The same day the match between eleven of Hatfield, and eleven of Hertford, was won hollow by the former.

MONDAY, JUNE 12.

A match was played at Maldon, between eleven gentlemen of that place,

place, against the gentlemen of Purleigh, for Fifty Guineas.

MALDON.

FIRST INNINGS.

Limnor	5	c. by Isaac Rush.
J. Pond	4	b. by J. Harris.
Drake	8	c. by Chapman.
Frances	2	b. by J. Harris.
Hunsdon	0	b. by Ewers.
White	8	b. by J. Harris.
Gurr	5	b. by Ewers.
Polley	6	b. by ditto.
Wynn	0	b. by J. Harris.
Gowers	9	c. by ditto.
W. Pond	0	c. by Kemp.
Byes	1	
	49	

SECOND INNINGS.

Limnor		did not go in.
J. Pond	5	b. by J. Harris.
Drake	6	c. by C. Harris.
Frances	8	c. by ditto.
Hunsdon	2	run out.
White	3	not out.
Gurr	2	ditto.
Polley		did not go in.
Wynn	19	b. by Ewers.
Gowers		did not go in.
W. Pond	1	c. by Payne.
Byes	1	
	46	

PURLEIGH.

FIRST INNINGS.

Chapman	5	run out.
J. Harris	3	c. by White.
C. Harris	8	b. by Limnor.
Kemp	2	c. by Wynn.
Stead	0	run out.
Threadgold	1	b. by Limnor.
Payne	0	put out by ditto.
Ewers	5	b. by ditto.
John Rush	8	c. by Gowers.
Isaac Rush	1	c. by White.
Beard	5	c. by Gowers.
Byes	3	
	41	

SECOND INNINGS.

Chapman	0	b. by Limnor.
J. Harris	4	run out.
C. Harris	19	b. by Limnor.
Kemp	1	c by Hunsdon.
Stead	6	c. by J. Pond.
Threadgold	5	b. by Limnor.
Payne	5	b. by Gurr.
Ewers	7	b. by ditto.
John Rush	0	c. by Drake.
Isaac Rush	0	
Beard	5	b. by Gurr.
Byes	5	
	52	

Two in favour of Maldon, and four wickets to go down.

GARRICK'S MONUMENT, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THIS interesting and well executed tribute of a private friend, to the memory of a man to whom the public owe amusement of the highest kind, being now opened for inspection, some description of it, by explaining the sculptor's designs, may be useful and proper. — Garrick is represented at full length, in an animated position, throwing aside a curtain, which discovers the medallion of the great Poet, whom he has illustrated; while Tragedy and Comedy, adorned with their respective emblems, and half seated on a pedestal, seem to approve the tribute. The curtain itself is designed to represent the Veil of Ignorance and Barbarism, which darkened the drama of the immortal Bard till the appearance of Garrick. The caressing attitude, airy figure, and smiling countenance, of the comic muse, is intended to describe the satisfaction she derives from at length beholding a memorial to her favourite; while Melpomene, with a more majestic and dignified mein, raising her veil, gazes with characteristic admiration on the

"sovereign

"sovereign of the willing soul," whom she at once delights in and deplores.

The similitude to Garrick will immediately be felt by every spectator who has his features in remembrance: and where is the person of taste who has ever once seen him can forget the resemblance? The whole is indeed very finely executed. The curtain is light and elegant; the back ground is composed of beautiful dove-coloured marble, relieving the figures, which are in pure statuary marble; and thus the harmony of the composition is complete. The artist is Webber, who served his apprenticeship to Bacon, from whose successful school he went to Rome, and studied the antique

This monument of Garrick was a subject worthy of his improved talents, and affords a happy earnest of what in future may be expected from them.

The inscription, by the muse of Mr. Pratt, is as follows:

To the memory of DAVID GARRICK, *who died in the year* 1779, *at the age of* 63.

To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakespeare rose—then to expand his fame,
Wide o'er this breathing world, a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the Poet drew,
The Actor's genius bade them breathe a-new.
Though like the Bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick call'd them back to-day;
And till eternity, with power sublime,
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary time,
Shakespeare and Garrick, like twin stars shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

This monument, the tribute of a friend, was erected 1793.

THEATRICAL LIBERALITY.

Covent Garden.

ON Wednesday night, June 14, the Comedy of THE COUNTRY GIRL, supported by the inimitable Jordan, with the favourite ballets of PEGGY'S LOVE and CUPID ET PSYCHE, and the Comic Opera of NO SONG NO SUPPER, were performed at this Theatre, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of those brave men who perished, and those who were wounded, in the glorious action of the 14th of February, under Sir John Jervis, now Earl of St. Vincent's. The several performers, who voluntarily rendered their services on this laudable occasion, are entitled to the utmost praise; and the conduct of the managers of Drury-lane and the Haymarket Theatres, in shutting up their Houses for the night, in order to promote the success of the charitable purpose, cannot be mentioned but in the highest terms of commendation.

Mrs. Abington, ever obedient to the calls of humanity, although for many years removed from the busy stage, and enjoying all the comforts of respectable retirement, came forward with a chearful alacrity, highly creditable to her feelings, and spoke a favourite Epilogue, after the performance of the Play. She was received with a torrent of applause, which she returned with all her wonted elegance of manners. The Opera Dancers displayed their graceful attitudes and astonishing agility, to the great entertainment of the whole house; and the exertions of Signora Storace and Mrs. Martyr were crowned with the most deserved success.

The audience, which was both numerous and brilliant, afforded a

most grateful display of British benevolence and humanity. The Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Clarence, Bedford, and Leeds, Earls Spencer and Chesterfield, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Grey, and several other gentlemen of distinction, were present. The female circle boasted much beauty and fashion.

A TRIP *to* MARGATE, *or* ADVENTURERS *on* BOARD *a* PLEASURE BOAT, *during the* MUTINY *at the* NORE.

THE three gentlemen, Mr. N——, of Aldersgate-street, Mr. Payne, of Ludgate-street, and Mr. R——, of London-road, who were taking an excursion in a pleasure yacht belonging to them, called the Vigilant, respecting whom so many ludicrous and false reports have been made in the public prints of their conduct on board the mutinous Fleet at the Nore, the following may be relied upon as a true account of the situation those gentlemen were forced into.

They had obtained the countersign or pass-word from his Majesty's ships at Gravesend, to pass the forts below, and put in at South-End, on the coast of Essex. They came out from that place next morning, and were fired at by a man of war's pinnace with twelve armed men, who took and carried the vessel along-side the Standard, of 64 guns, Captain Parr. The three gentlemen were then taken on board, and were examined by the delegates of that ship, (twelve in number) who detained them nearly two hours, and then permitted them to pass through the fleet for Margate, by signal made on board the Standard to the other ships.

Upon their return from Margate, they were fired at, and taken by the delegates boats, and brought again on board the Standard, (and not the Sandwich as represented in the papers.) They underwent the like examination, but were not detained above an hour. While they were in the delegates birth or cabin, letters were brought in there by the officers, ship's company, marines, and others, which were put all together in a canvas bag. These letters the delegates compelled them to take, and on those conditions they permitted them to pass for London.

That night being obliged to bring up at a place called Holy-Haven, on account of the tide, on the shore they related all the above circumstances to a man of the name of Pearce, of Gravesend, who was very inquisitive, and proved to be an informer. This man made a tool of the conversation, and gave information against the three for having had correspondence with the delegates of the fleet, and made very false representations. In consequence of this information, three armed boats were immediately dispatched from Gravesend, in quest of the pleasure vessel; and the next morning the boat was taken, and the gentlemen put into a severe and close confinement, under a guard of marines, on board the gun-vessel, No, 16, where they continued seven days.

During that period, they underwent several examinations, which (with the evidence of another man who was present when the conversation passed at Holy Haven) clearly proved their innocence, and of having no intentional or designed correspondence with the delegates, and at the same time shewed the infamy of the spy or informer.

Their discharge was on Tuesday the

the 13th instant, (June) sent them by the Duke of Portland: and they were accordingly released from the harsh treatment and confinement they experienced, their vessel restored, and permitted to return to their families, whose distress and anxiety during their confinement may be conceived, but not described.

PEDIGREE OF CHANTICLEER.

CHANTICLEER was bred by Lord Egremont, got by Woodpecker, his dam by Eclipse, god-dam, (Rosebud) by Snap, out of Miss Belvea, by Regulus. Bartlet's Childers, Honeywood's Arabian, dam of the two True Blues.

Woodpecker was bred by Sir Charles Davers, got by Herod, his dam (Miss Ramsden) own sister to the dam of Kingston, got by old Cade, dam by Lord Lonsdale's Bay Arabian, Bay Bolton, Darley's Arabian, Byerly Turk, Place's White Turk Taffolet Barb, Natural Barb Mare.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF PANTALOON.

HE was got by Match'em, his dam (Curiosity) by Snap, god-dam by Regulus, great god dam by Bartlet's Childers, great great god-dam by Honeywood's Arabian, out of the dam of the two True Blues.

Second October Meeting, Oct. 23, 1770. Lord Bolingbroke's Pantaloon, then 3 yrs old, won a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, beating Lord Carlisle's Colt by Captain; Mr Oglevie's Colt, Lockton, pd. ft. 2 to 1 on Pantaloon.

Houghton Meeting, November 5. Mr. Vernon's Pantaloon, 8st. 2lb. beat Lord Farnham's Guardian, 8st. 7lb. R. M. for 200gs. Odds at starting, 7 to 4 on Guardian.

Nov. 10, at 8st. 7lb. he beat Mr. Pigot's Lady Betty, 8st. from the ditch in. 7 to 4 on Lady Betty.

Craven Meeting, March 18, 1771. He won the Craven Stakes of 5gs. each, 21 subscribers, beating Hemp Coquette, Sportsman, Cossino, Tamerlane, &c. &c.

First Spring Meeting, April 2, he received 150gs. ft. from Ratoni.

Second Spring Meeting, April 22, he received 200gs. from Mr. Pigot's Lady Betty.

April 26, he received from Lord Marche's Sober, 200gs. P. P.

July 23, he won a Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, P. P. 22 subscribers, beating Juniper, Quill, Catchpenny, Furiband, &c. &c.

Second October Meeting, Pantaloon, then 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. beat Lord Farnham's Charon, 5 yrs old, 8st. over B. C. for 100gs.

Craven Meeting, April 6, 1772. Pantaloon, 8st. beat Mr. Crew's Mittimus, 7st. 9lb. R. M. 300gs.

April 9, he beat, carrying 8st. 10lb. Mr. Pigot's Pan, by Squirrel, 8st. 3lb. B. C. for 200gs.

First Spring Meeting, April 24, then Mr. Fox's, he won the Plate of 50l. beating Ratoni and nine others.

April 25, he beat Mr. Wentworth's Mark, for 200gs. 5 to 4 on Pontaloon.

May 2, then 5 yrs old, he beat Mr. Vernon's Hyder Ally, aged, 8st. 4lb. each, B. C. for 400gs.

Second Spring Meeting, May 14, 5 yrs old, 8st. he beat Mr. Oglevie's Pincher, aged, 8st. 4lb. B. C. for 100gs.

May 22, at 8st. 7lb. he beat Mr. C. Blake's Florizel, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. B. C. for 500gs. 5 to 1 on Florizel.

July 9, he beat Mr. Pigot's Lycurgus, 8st. 7lb. each, both 5 yrs. old. Mr. Fox staked 1000gs. to 600gs. B. C. 5 to 2 on Pantaloon.

First October meeting, he recd. ft. from Mr Blake's Amphion, 8st. 7lb. each, 1000gs. hf. ft.

Second October Meeting, Monday the 12th, at 8st. 6lb. he again beat Pincher, 8st. 7lb. B. C for 1000gs.

October 17, at 8st. 10lb. he beat Lord Marche's Pan, 7st. both 5 yr olds, B. C. for 300gs.

Houghton Meeting, October 26, he recd. 140gs. from Mr. Vernon's Shepherdess.

October 30, he recd. from D. Ancaster's Cleomenes, 500gs. hf. ft.

Craven Meeting, Monday, March 29, 1773, he beat, at 8st. Mr. Blake's Sober, 7st. 8lb. B. M. for 500gs. 3 to 1 on Pantaloon.

First Spring Meeting, he recd. from Mr. Wentworth s Mark, 500gs. hf. ft.

April 16, he recd. from Julian, 100gs.

April 17, he recd. 40gs. compromise from Firetail.

Second Spring Meeting, he recd. from Carbineer, 500gs. hf. ft.

And October [illegible], at Thetford, he won a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, 9 subscribers, beating Pulpy, Gertrude and Princess; the rest paid forfeit; after which he covered at Knavestock, near Brentford, at 10gs. each mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

SINGULAR MEMORANDUM.

From Warner's Topographical Remarks on Hampshire.

THE following curious entry is inserted in the Register of Lymington Church, under the year 1736.—"Samuel Baldwyn, Esq. sojourner in this parish, was *immersed*, without the Needles, in Scratchen's Bay, *sans ceremonie*, May 20th."—This was performed in consequence of an earnest wish he had expressed to that effect, a little before his dissolution.—And what reason dost thou think, reader, could induce him to have his body cast into the ocean, rather than quietly committed to the earth? No motive of erring superstition—no whim of bewildered reason—but a determination to disappoint the intentions of an *affectionate* wife, who had repeatedly assured him in their domestic squabbles, which were very frequent, that if Providence permitted her to survive him, she would revenge her conjugal sufferings, by occasionally dancing on the turf that covered his remains.

Tantæne animis cælestibus icæ?

THE

THE FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

ANECDOTE OF MR. FOOTE.

THE late Mr. Foote used to pass much of his time at the seat of Sir Francis Blake Deleval; during one of his visits he happened to be looking at some pigs belonging to Sir Francis, which had a few minutes before been served with their morning's meal, and perceived a silver spoon amongst their victuals: the grunting community making more than common noise, caused the maid to go and endeavour to silence them, and not observing Mr Foote, she cried in a pet, "Deuce take the pigs what a riot they make." "Well they may you jade," replied Foote, "when they have got but one silver spoon amongst them all."

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

After one of the solo musicians of the time, had been playing a number of unmeaning tricks upon his instrument, and was receiving yet more unmeaning praise, a lady observed, "that the performance was vastly difficult."—"Madam," said the Doctor, "I wish it had been impossible."

ANECDOTE.

Dr. Schmidt, of the Cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the King of Prussia, couched in the following terms, viz. "Sire, I acquaint your Majesty, 1st, that there are wanting Books of Psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your Majesty, 2ndly, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your Majesty, 3dly, that the ballustrade, next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous

SCMIDT,
Sacrist of the Cathedral."

The King, who was much amused by the above, wrote the following answer:—"I acquaint Mr Sacrist Schmidt, 1st, that they who want to sing psalms, may buy books I acquaint 2ndly, Mr. S. Schmidt, that those who want to be kept warm, may buy wood. I acquaint 3dly, Mr. S. S. that I shall not trust any longer to the ballustrade next the river. And I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, 4thly, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

FREDERICK.

ANECDOTE OF A GREAT EATER.

When Prague was besieged by the Swedes under Charles the XIIth, a very great glutton eat, in the presence of the king, a hog alive! General Konigsmark was also a spectator. This veteran officer told the King, the fellow was a sorceror, and that it was by enchantment and deception, that he appeared to eat, what in fact he did not. The operator being nettled at the General's incredulity, told the King, that if he would command his officer to pull off his sword and spurs, he would eat him; which so terrified M. Konigsmark, that he retired with great precipitancy, choosing rather to put up with a little confusion, than be convinced

vinced, at the price of his body, of the goodness of this fellow's appetite.

When the celebrated St. Leger was in the career of dissipation, he sat in company with two gentlemen who quarrelled, and in consequence of the interference of the gentlemen present to reconcile them, became so furious, that it was thought necessary to controul their seemingly impassioned resentments, by holding them. St. Leger held one, whose enterprize in danger he had some reason to doubt; but from whom, during the coercion, he received a kick on the shins: "by G—," said St. Leger somewhat anger'd, "if you do that again, I'll let you go!"—St. Leger received no second hurt, and the matter was most honourably settled.

COMFORT.

A gentleman, whose lady produced a fine boy six months after marriage, applied to a Physician to account for this expedition. "Make yourself easy," answered the Doctor, "this very often happens in the case of the *first* child—but *never afterwards*.

At the close of Smithfield Market on Monday, June 12, a man who keeps a public-house in the neighbourhood of Lisson Green, brought his wife, to whom he had been married about two months, for sale into the market, where having, by means of a rope, made her fast to a railing opposite St. Bartholomew's Coffee-house, she was exposed to the view of hundreds of spectators for near a quarter of an hour, and at length sold for half a guinea to one Thomas Noisey, a dealer in flowers at Paddington: he was to receive with the woman, from her original owner, *twenty pounds in bad halfpence.* After the business was finally settled, the parties all went home together to make merry on the occasion.

ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR JOHNSON, *not to be found in any of his biographers—by Peter Pindar.*

When Johnson lodged at Kettle-Hall in the University of Oxford, at a Mr. Thompson's, a cabinet-maker, the maid, by an unfortunate mistake, brought him one day a *chemise* of Mrs. Thompson's to put on instead of his own shirt. Contemplating on nothing but Ramblers, Idlers, and Colossal Dictionaries, he shoved his arms, head and shoulders, into the lady's linen, before he discovered his error. '*Who* has cut off the sleeves of my shirt? *who* has cut off the sleeves of my shirt?' exclaimed the enraged and hampered Moralist, with stentorian vociferation, dancing, and tugging, and foaming for freedom. This roar brought up poor trembling Mrs. Thompson, who, with the most consummate delicacy, shutting her two chaste eyes, slipped her hand into the room, and delivered her giant guest from his enchanted castle.

A MUNCHAUSENTIC.

Some persons relating to each other the many wonderful objects they had seen in the course of their travels, one of them asserted that he had seen, in Africa, some grass growing that was as high as a house,

and

and appealed to his companion for the truth of his story: this his companion made no hesitation in confirming, and declared, that, in the very field where this grass grew, after having walked some time, he sat down to rest himself, and in the course of a few minutes found himself raised thirty feet from the ground, in consequence of having sat upon a mushroom that was growing!

At a late court-martial held on board one of his Majesty's ships on a sailor who was accused of theft, one of his messmates, who was a witness on the trial, was asked, after he had delivered his evidence, "what was his opinion of the prisoner's character?" Why, please your honour," said he, "I can't say I ever liked him, because he never would drink any thing but small beer, and your honour knows *there never was a sober fellow but what was a rogue!*

David Garrick, Esq. some years ago, had occasion to file a bill in the Court of Chancery, against an attorney, at Hampton, to set aside an agreement surreptitiously obtained for the purchase of a house there, and while the late Edmund Hoskins, Esq. was preparing the bill, Mr. Garrick wrote him the following lines:

To his Counsellor and Friend, Edmund Hoskins, Esq. Tom Fool sends greeting.

On your care must depend the success of my suit,
The contest I mean 'bout the house in dispute;
Remember, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
And the worst of his tribe, tho' the best are so so.
In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave will be ever too hard for a fool;
To which rule one exception your client implores,
That the fool may for once turn the knave out of doors.

ANECDOTE OF QUIN.

This celebrated actor being one night to perform Justice Balance in the Recruiting Officer, had spent the preceding part of the evening at the Shakespeare Tavern, with Thompson the poet, and some other convivial friends, where the bottle circulated briskly. The liquor operating powerfully at the commencement of the fourth act, the rosy veteran, who seldom made mistakes of any kind, when he was to rebuke his daughter Silvia, for her partiality to Captain Plume, instead of saying according to the author, "Silvia how old were you when your mother died?" addressed Mrs. Woffington with—"Silvia, how old were you when your mother was married?"—The actress tittered, and the audience laughed heartily. When Quin assuming a surly kind of dignity, and shaking his head with a frown, said, "Psha, I mean, Silvia, how old were you when your mother was born?"

The late Doctor Glover, well known for being one of the best companions in the world, was returning from a tavern one morning early across Covent-Garden, when a chairman cried out, "A chair! your honour, a chair!" Glover took no notice, but called his dog who was a good way behind, "Scrub, Scrub, Scrub." "Och, by J—s!" says the chairman, "there goes a pair of you!" The facetious Doctor gave his countryman half a crown, for his saucy witticism.

Lord

Lord Mansfield examining a man who was a witness in the Court of King's Bench, asked him what he knew of the defendant? "O, my Lord, I knew him; I was up to him!" "Up to him," says his Lordship, "what do you mean by being up to him?" "Mean, my Lord; why, I was down upon him!" "Up to him and down upon him," says his Lordship, turning to Counsellor Dunning, "what does the fellow mean?" "Why, I mean my Lord, as deep as he thought himself, I stagg'd him!" "I cannot conceive friend," says his Lordship, "what you mean by this sort of language, I don't understand it." "Not understand it," rejoined the fellow with surprize, "Lord what a flat you must be then!"

A gentleman being at an auction of books which is held frequently in the evening, requested leave to pass through the crowd, which were numerous within side the door, saying, "he wished to make a good bidding to the auctioneer." A passage being made, and Mr. Auctioneer expecting a good purchaser, says, "A going,—a going—an excellent lot—going for sixpence—who *bids* more." To which the gentleman very gravely said, "I will *bid* more." "How much more will you *bid*," says the auctioneer. "Why, "I'll *bid* you *good night*," says the gentleman, and walked off with philosophic gravity. LITTLE B.

Mr. Bannister, Jun. one night playing a character, in which was a dark scene, where 'twas supposed he was to be conducted down stairs by a servant, having groped their way to the stair-head, Bannister said, "Aye, aye, we are right enough—I will descend first, and you follow me—but take care you do not fall over the *Bannister*."

LITTLE B.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone lies Peter Foster,
He married a wife and then he lost her;
He married a second, then a third,
Then a fourth, upon my word.
He would have wedded a fifth they say,
But death popp'd in, and cried out—NAY.

A gentleman going through one of the streets of London, in which lived a man whose name was *Hecan*, which name is written in large letters over the door, a poor beggar accosted the gentleman nearly opposite to his house, by begging "for God's sake to give him a halfpenny." To which the gentleman replied, "I can't afford you any relief, my poor fellow—I am sorry I can't—but (pointing to the other side) *Hecan*."

LITTLE B.

FOURTH UNIVERSITY.

Hic Alter.

Let Oxford boast her store of knowledge,
And science Cambridge greet,
To me give that instructive College,
In London call'd—the *Fleet*.

Where students come from every part,
Italian, Irish, Danish,
And learn that very useful art,
To live without—the *Spanish*.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SOME time since a Mr. Powyss, of Morcham, near Preston, Lancashire, advertised a reward of an annuity of 50l. a year for life, to any man who would undertake to live seven years under ground, without seeing any thing human, and to let his toe and finger nails grow, with his hair and beard, during the whole time. Apartments were prepared under ground, very commodious, with a cold bath, a chamber organ, as many books as the occupier pleased, and provisions served from his own table. Whenever the recluse wanted any convenience, he was to ring a bell, and it was provided for him. Singular as this residence may appear, an occupier offered himself, and is now in his fourth year of probation: he is a labouring man, who has a large family, all of whom are maintained by Mr. Powyss.

TURF CLUB, IRELAND.

JUNE 15, 1796.

The Hon. Mr. Cavendish betted Mr. Leonard 200 gs. that he trotted his English mare 15 miles over the Curragh, in one hour; which he performed on Tuesday the 28th of June, in 58 minutes and a half, with very great ease. Mr. C. rode himself.

ANECDOTE.

Some time ago, a remarkable incident happened at a gentleman's house in Dawson-street, Dublin. A spaniel bitch happened to pup at a time that a favourite cat had a litter of kittens. The pups being thought of an inferior kind, it was determined to drown them: but when the servant went to perform the sentence, he found one of them had been taken away; and search being made, it was at length discovered among the young kittens, sucking the old cat, who continues to pay it extraordinary care and attention.

WONDERFUL CURIOSITY.

London, October 1, 1792.

A most wonderful curiosity was lately sent to John Steward, Esq. of Portman-square: it is a hawk of a very large size, caught at the Cape of Good Hope. Round its neck is a gold collar of curious workmanship, on which have been discovered the following words: "This Goodlie Hawke doth belonge to his most excellente Majestie James King of Englande, A. D. 1610." The hawk still betrays a degree of vigour, and the only symptom of old age discoverable, is a dimness of sight, and a change in the colour of the feathers round the neck, from brown to white.

The following ludicrous circumstance happened some time ago:—Mr. C—n, of Chigwell, in Essex, sent a fine hare to his friend in London; the man by whom it was sent, having occasion, stopped at an ale-house near Stratford, called for a pint of beer, and went backwards; in the mean time the landlord killed his cat, and put it into the basket, in lieu of the hare, which he concealed. The man pursued his journey, sent in the basket, was called in himself, and asked if he had stopped on the road? He answered in the affirma-

tive, and the mystery was cleared up. He received a reward, with thanks to his master for the intended present. He marched back with the cat; called again at the pot-house, where he found only the servant girl, and a pot boiling: he called for another pint, and sent the girl for a pennyworth of tobacco. In the mean time, he took a fine piece of beef out of the pot, and put in the cat, taking away the beef, and leaving the cat for the landlord's dinner.

TO CURE CHAFFING OCCASIONED BY RIDING; AND WILL PREVENT ITS HAPPENING EVER AFTER.

Wash the part affected with warm milk and water; then anoint it well with the following ointment:—One spoonful of milk, one spoonful of honey, and one spoonful of brandy, well simmered together: then apply some white diachylon plaister, spread on white-brown paper.—An infallible remedy.

TO SPORTSMEN.

A horse is wanted by a friend,
Which horse's picture now I send:
He must be handsome, sound, and strong,
His back or legs must not be long;
His neck not short, with fine curv'd crest,
His head not large, but broad his chest;
His nostrils wide must still appear,
His under jaw be thin and clear;
His eyes alive, his movements smart,
He neither stumble must—nor start.
Must leap a ditch, or five-feet wall;
And he must neither baulk, nor fall.
His colour brown, or black, or bay—
I don't admire a frosty grey.
His eyes must not be dim, nor squint;
Nor must he spavin have, nor splint.
On road or hunt he must not fail,
But hold in style his head and tail:
Be fifteen hands about his size;
For that's a heighth I greatly prize.
Another hint.—I wish the prancer
May forward step, like a good dancer;
Yet gentle—that a child may guide him,
Or e'en a London man may ride him.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

GAME LAWS.

MONDAY, JUNE 12.

Mr. Jolliffe gave notice, that on Thursday next he will move for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Game Laws.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15.

Mr. Jolliffe moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend an Act of last Session, which fixed the fourteenth of September for the commencement of Partridge Shooting. He wished that it should commence on the first of that month.

Mr. Wigley said, that on the first of September the corn was seldom off the ground. He thought the injury which therefore would be done to the farmers was more to be considered than any delay which may arise to the sport of Gentlemen.

The motion was negatived without a division.

VETERINARY COLLEGE.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23.

One Thousand Five Hundred and Twenty Pounds were proposed to be voted for the support of the Veterinary College.

Mr.

Mr. Hussey wished to know the benefit the Public were expected to derive from that College.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that there was a prospect of great public benefit, from the improvements which had been already made by this College, in the course of its labours; and, even if there had not been any, he thought it would be a wise measure to devote that sum for its encouragement.

The resolution then passed.

A gentleman ordained, some time ago, that, if his son kept a running horse, or made a bet on a race, his estate (nearly 10,000l. a year) should devolve to a distant relation. An old sportsman did the same, some years ago, in Suffolk, and his *bit o' blood* of an heir kept within the letter of his father's will, till he had lost his whole patrimony in *trotting* matches.

The Duke of Bedford, in winning the Derby Stakes at Epsom this year, contrary to the opinion of the *knowing ones*, picked up three thousand guineas, by taking all the odds against him.

The Hon. Mr. Butler Danvers has betted a turf friend 1000 gs. that he rides two hundred miles within thirteen hours and a half. He is not confined to any number of horses, nor road, nor turf, on which this extraordinary equestrian feat is to be performed!

ROWING MATCH.

One of the annual wherries was on Wednesday, June 7, rowed for by seven pair of oars, who started each heat from Westminster-bridge, went round a boat off Hungerford to another off Vauxhall, and returned to the center arch of Westminster-bridge. The first heat was won by Westwood and Griffin; the second, which was much contested, by Tomlinson and Leonard; the third, by W. Brommel and his partner; and the fourth, by Westwood and Griffin, who were immediately declared the winners of the boat. The former is a well-known young waterman, who has been successful in several matches; the latter had not before been engaged in any.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23.

THE KING *v.* MILLER, FOR KEEPING A COMMON GAMING-HOUSE.

The defendant was some time ago found guilty of the misdemeanor of keeping a gaming-house, and this day appeared to receive the judgment of the Court for that offence.

Four respectable persons made affidavit, that he is a young man of good character, has given up the gaming-house, and that they are so well satisfied of his integrity, that they will, to any amount, within the extent of their fortunes, become bail for his future good conduct.

An affidavit on the part of the prosecution stated, that the defendant treated very roughly the officer who came to arrest him. Time was requested, on the part of the defendant, to answer this affidavit.

Mr. Erskine made a very able speech in favour of the defendant.

Mr. Garrow pressed for a severe

judgment, as a warning to others against the dangerous vice of gaming.

Lord Kenyon ordered the defendant to be taken to the prison of this Court, and brought up the third day of the next term, to receive the judgment of the Court.

A new *gambling fracas* has recently sprung up between Mr. H—dg—s and C—n—c—n, about twelve *yellow figures* coming up aukwardly in succession, by which the former lost a good round sum, and was, besides, three hundred guineas indebted to the *bank* Mr. C. who happened to be only a *spectator* on this occasion, was appealed to on the *fairness* of the play, when he naturally enough gave it in favour of the *bank:* a sharp remonstrance was the consequence, in which Mr. C.'s conduct in support of all *firms* was smartly touched upon: this produced the *retort courteous*, wherein it was as pointedly remarked; that this was not the first curious attempt which he, Mr. C. had seen practised by the same person to ruin a *bank!*—*Slugs* and a *saw-pit* have been talked of as the only means of adjusting this dispute; but, among gentlemen of *refined ingenuity*, some other mode, it is thought, will be adopted, for the preservation of their *honour*, and the public peace!

CALCULATIONS.

The following extraordinary calculations were made by the learned Dr. Price.—This great mathematician says, "One penny put out at our Saviour's birth, to five per cent. compound interest, would, in the year 1781, have increased to a greater sum than would be contained in 200,000,000 of earths, all solid gold; but if put out to simple interest, it at the same time would have amounted to no more than seven shillings and sixpence. All governments that alienate funds destined for re-imbursements, choose to improve money in the last, rather than the first, of these ways." He adds, "a million borrowed annually for twenty years, will pay off in this time fifty-five millions 3 per cent. stock, if discharged at 60l. in money for every 100l stock; and in forty years more, without any further aid from loans, 333 millions (that is, 388 millions in all) would be paid off.

"The addition of nineteen years to this period, would pay off 1000 millions.

"A surplus of half a million per annum, made up to a million by borrowing half a million every year for twenty years, would discharge the same sums in the same periods."

DUELS.

On the 8th instant in the evening, at eight o'clock, a duel took place on the Forest near Newport, in the Isle of Wight, between Capt. Allen of the 88th regiment, and Lieut. Jenkins, of the 10th regiment of foot. They fired twice, when the ball of the latter entered the right groin of the former.—Capt. Allen was brought to Newport, and with great difficulty the ball was extracted from the left groin. He is so dangerously wounded, that there is very little hope of his recovery.

On Sunday morning, the 11th instant, at four o'clock, a duel was fought near York, between Lieut. Colonel Bell, and Mr. Crigan, surgeon,

geon, both of the 46th regiment of foot, quartered in that city, in which the latter was shot through the body.—He died on Tuesday evening. The Lieut. Col. and the seconds had previously left the city. We understand that the cause of this unhappy rencontre originated in the West Indies.

On Tuesday morning, May 27, between five and six o'clock, a duel was fought on Lexden heath, near Colchester, between Lieutenant Elliot, of the 22d, and Surgeon Assistant Cowan, of the 11th. The cause of dispute arose at the Duke of York tavern, the preceding evening. At the first fire Mr. Elliot wounded Mr. C. in the leg; the ball entered between the large and small bones, and instantly fell: in falling, he discharged his pistol, the shot struck the ground a few yards from him. Mr. Elliott had left his ground when he saw his adversary was wounded, but was desired by Mr. C. to resume his station; Mr. C. then fired (standing upon one leg) and the ball took effect by hitting Mr. E. on the top part of the *Os Frontis*, and part of the skull was beat upon the brain. Mr. Cooper (principal surgeon to St. Bartholomews hospital) was upon a visit to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and offered his services to attend Mr. E. By his direction, we understand, Mr. E. was trepanned, but he died the next morning at five o'clock, in great agony. Mr. C. and the seconds, Lieutenants Campbell of the 22d, and M'Lane of the 11th, left the town the same day at noon for London. The medical men who have seen Mr. C. suppose that he must lose his leg.

An inquest has been taken before Messrs. Thomas Hedge, jun. and William Mason, jun. (the Coroners for this Borough) the Jury were summoned on Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock, and after hearing the several witnesses, they adjourned at half past ten at night: they again met next morning, and about eleven o'clock pronounced a verdict of Wilful Murder against Wm. Henry Cowan, as principal, Francis Thos. Small M'Lane, Lieutenant of the 11th, and Peter Campbell, Lieutenant of the 22d, who were seconds in this unfortunate affair. The Coroners warrant will be issued immediately to apprehend the above-mentioned gentlemen.

THE FEMALE HORSE STEALER,

As Reported in a Letter from Ipswich, dated June 3, 1797.

Tuesday se'nnight a strawberry roan coach gelding was stolen out of the stable of John Cobbold, Esq. of this town. About three o'clock the next morning, the guard to the mail-coach, saw (as he supposed) a young man riding very aukwardly, without boots, on the London-road, two miles this side Colchester, and being on a remarkably coloured horse, it struck him at the moment that it must be Mr. Cobbold's. When he got to this place he mentioned the circumstance, and a person was sent after the robber, who was traced all the way to London; but having the start of the pursuer, the horse had been previously offered for sale for fifty guineas. Some suspicion, however, arising in the mind of the stable-keeper, he gave notice to one of the public offices, when the supposed owner was apprehended, who immediately confessed her name to be Margaret Catchpool, and related the whole particulars of the robbery; whereupon Mr. Cobbold was sent for, and she was committed

committed to Newgate. This affair getting abroad, it then came out, that on the very evening the horse was stolen, a lad going into one of the sheds in the marshes in this town, he there saw a person dressing, who, on his appearance, seemed somewhat confused. On looking farther, he observed some woman's apparel, and supposing a female in the way, he became rather inquisitive; upon which the person gave him a shilling; said only a little fun was meant, and begged he would say nothing about it. Extraordinary as it may appear, this was the very Margaret Catchpool who afterwards stole the horse, and had hit upon the project of changing her dress, the better to avoid detection. But what is equally as extraordinary, although not used to riding, she actually rode seventy miles in ten hours. This female horse-stealer is between thirty and forty years of age; not long since she lived as a servant at Mrs. Parish's, in this town, and after that time at Mr. Cobbold's, from whom she stole the horse, but had quitted that place better than a year since.

ANOTHER CRIM. CON. CAUSE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, SATURDAY, JUNE 24.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon, and a Special Jury.

ELSOM, *v.* FAWCET.

Mr. Moore opened the pleadings, which stated that this action was brought by the Plaintiff against the Defendant, to recover a satisfaction in damages for criminal conversation with his wife.

Mr. Erskine, after lamenting the vice and immorality of the present age, which gave occasion to so many actions of this sort, proceeded to state the particular circumstances of this case, which were shortly these. Mr. Elsom is an Architect, and is now in the building department in the Barrack-office, under General Delancy. He married, on the 22d of October 1793, a Miss Crawley, a beautiful young lady, who was only of age on her marriage day. It was a marriage of mutual affection, and by the misconduct of the Defendant he had lost an annuity of forty guineas a year, which he received from his wife's mother. They had lived together in the most affectionate manner, up to the time when this adultery was discovered. Mr. Fawcet was a Distiller, and had been under obligations to Mr. Fox, the Plaintiff's uncle, in the early part of life. The Plaintiff and Defendant were acquainted when boys, but not since.

A number of witnesses were called, who proved the marriage, and that the parties had lived comfortably and happily together. The Plaintiff always appeared to be a very good husband.

Susannah Newbery said, she lived with the Plaintiff from August 18, 1796, till within these three months. She knew Mr. Fawcet, who came to her master's house, at Kennington, one day, and told Mrs. Elsom he was afraid their correspondence would be discovered. Her master was employed at the Barrack-office from ten in the morning, till four in the afternoon. Mr. Fawcet used to come at 11 o'clock, after her master was gone, and staid till three. There was nobody but her mistress and she at home. Mr. Fawcet did not visit as a common friend in the family; he never came there when her master was at home. Her mistress and he always went into the parlour, and pulled down the blinds. She had seen Mrs. Elsom more than once sitting on Mr. Fawcet's knee, who had one hand round her waist, and the other

other in her bosom. She had seen them twice in a bed-room, and left no doubt, by her evidence, of adultery having been committed. One Saturday night, after her master went to the Club, the Defendant came, when the witness was sent out for some flour. When she returned, she saw a light in the bed-room, and when she knocked, and looked thro' the key-hole of the door, she saw them come down stairs together, and walk into the parlour before they opened the door to her. She had the bed to make afterwards, though it had been made before. It was very much tumbled. Her mistress's neck-handkerchief also was very much tumbled, and she was without her hat, which she had on when the witness went out. The defendant staid till near twelve o'clock at night. She remembered her master once coming home when Mr. Fawcet was in the parlour with her mistress. Her mistress came out and locked the parlour door. Her master soon went out again, when she opened the parlour door, and went into the defendant. Her master conducted himself with kindness and affection to her mistress. These visits were kept secret from him. She left her family entirely for the sake of Mr. Fawcet, who had now deserted her. When her mistress left the house, she went along with her to Denmark-court, and lodged there with a Mr. Richards. She there went by the name of Stewart, and while she was there Mr. Fawcet visited her twice, and the first time they were together an hour and a half. The defendant was about one and twenty, and had succeeded his father as a distiller. On cross-examination, she said, her master once threatened to throw a chair at her mistress, when she ran out of the room. She sometimes went out after her master went to bed, but she never saw her bring home any gentleman with her. Her master was always very good-natured to her. She never heard him call her a w——. It was after she had received private visits from Mr. Fawcet and when her conduct to her husband was much altered, that he threatened to throw a chair at her.

Mr. Gibbs, as Counsel for the defendant, opened the case in a manner extremely honourable to him. He admitted the adultery, but said, he had strong circumstances in mitigation of damages. This was not a case that called for any thing like serious damages. He should prove that the very first time the defendant ever saw this Lady, was in Cheapside, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, walking with another woman of the name of Mrs. Watson, who lodged in her first floor. The defendant and his cousin, who was along with him, accosted them as two women of the town. They all walked together, and went into a pastry-cook's, where the ladies were treated with jellies. After that they walked nearly home with them, when it was one, or half past one o'clock in the morning. In walking home, certain liberties had passed which were sufficient to inflame the blood of a young man. In the first place, they kissed without the smallest ceremony. Every thing of that sort passed between the defendant and this Lady. He said he compassionated Mr. Elsom's situation, who had the misfortune to be connected with a wife of loose manners, who had invited this young man to amorous parley with her. The end of these ladies was not answered by this first meeting, and a second appointment was made to meet at Vauxhall, in the course of two or three evenings. The defendant and one of his friends accordingly met these ladies there. They supped in the gardens, where they were extremely merry, and where every possible liberty was taken without the smallest resistance. He had stated these circumstances, to shew that this Lady had rather seduced

duced the defendant, than he her. If he proved these facts, the damages would be reduced almost to nothing.

Thomas Fawcet, the defendant's cousin, and a Mr. Carter, a Surveyor, swore to the truth of these facts.

Mr. Erskine, then replied, on the part of the plaintiff.

After an excellent summing up from Lord Keynon, the Jury, after a little consideration, found a verdict for plaintiff—Damages 500l.

A melancholy accident happened at Manchester during the present month. One of our cavalry corps, on returning from the field, delivered his pistols to be carried into the house, after throwing the priming from one of them which was charged, and which he informed his man he would draw immediately himself. In about two minutes after he was alarmed by the firing of a pistol, which proved to be that he had just delivered A spirited servant girl, on the pistols being laid down, had taken up one of the pistols, unfortunately that which was charged, and pulled the trigger, at the same time holding the barrel in her left hand.—It went off, burst into splinters, and tore off her arm above the wrist, shattering it in a dreadful manner. Two or three of her fingers were found in different places. The man who took the pistols had a providential escape, as a splinter cut a piece out of his hat. Surgical aid was immediately procured, and the wounded arm is in a fair way of being healed, but the distress of mind of the sufferer is pitiable.—Such terrible accidents hold out serious lessons to the thoughtles folly of rash young people.

An extraordinary accident happened at Northampton barracks on Monday, May 22.—As two of the trumpeters of the First Regiment of Fencible Dragoons, were performing that part of the Austrian Sword Exercise, called the attack and defence, they were met by a private, who was going through another part of the exercise; and being all of them at full speed, and not perceiving their danger till it was next to impossible to avoid it, the horse rode by the private, came with such force against one of the others as to dismount both the riders: the trumpeter's horse was killed by the shock, and the horse rode by the private (which was a very valuable one, and belonged to one of the Officers) received so much injury, that it is not supposed he will ever be fit for use again. Fortunately neither of the men were materially hurt.

PARAGRAPH FROM THE NEWSPAPERS.

"Numerous farmers and other land-holders in various parts of the country, have formed resolutions, which are efficiently calculated to counteract the effects of the Game Laws, as far as relate to the rural consideration of those regulations, namely, in killing all hares, foxes, &c. which they can with convenience, and leaving the bodies on the field, by which they elude the penalties of the act. In Staffordshire alone no fewer than 107 foxes were killed in two parishes alone, within the course of the week."

If the farmers when they bargained for their farms, agreed to preserve the game, and not destroy the foxes, their breach of faith deserves the punishment of being turned out of their farms; though a distinction may be made between the game and vermin, yet if a condition is entered into, or even the legislature sanctions the protection of the game on an estate, none but low-minded fellows will set about destroying it in the way abovementioned.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

GILES JOLLUP THE KNAVE, AND BROWN SALLY GREEN,

A ROMANCE.

By M. G. LEWIS.

A Doctor so grave and a Virgin so bright
Hob-a-nobbed in some right Marasquin:
They swallowed the Cordial with truest delight;
Giles Jollup the Knave was just five feet in height,
And four feet the Brown Sally Green.
—"And as," said Giles Jollup, "to-morrow I go
To physic a feverish land,
At some six penny hop, or perhaps the Mayor's show,
You'll tumble in love with some smart city beau,
And with him share your shop in the Strand."—

"Lord how can you think so?" Brown Sally Green said;
"You must know mighty little of me,
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear 'pon my honour, that none in your stead,
Shall husband of Sally Green be.

"And if e'er I, by love or by wealth led aside,
Am false to Giles Jollup the Knave,
God grant, that at dinner too amply suppli'd,
Over-eating may give me a pain in my side;
May your ghost then bring rhubarb to physic the Bride,
And send her well dos'd to the grave."—

To Jamaica the Doctor now hastened for gold;
Sally wept till she blew her nose sore.
Yet scarce had a twelve month elaps'd when behold,
A Brewer, quite stylish, his gig that way roll'd,
And stopp'd it at Sally Green's door.

His barrels, his bungs, and his brass-headed cane,
Soon made her untrue to her vows,
The stream of small beer now bewilder'd her brain;
He caught her while tipsy; denials were vain;
So he carried her home as his spouse.

And now the roast-beef had been bless'd by the Priest,
To cram now the guests had begun;
Tooth and nail, like a wolf, fell the Bride on the feast,
Nor yet had the clash of her knife and fork ceas'd,
When a Bell, ('twas the dustman's) toll'd "one."

Then first with amazement Brown Sally Green found,
That a stranger was stuck by her side.
His cravat and ruffles with snuff were embrown'd;
He eat not; he drank not; but turning him round,
Sent some pudding away to be fried.

His wig was turn'd forwards, and short was his height;
His apron was dirty to view:
The women, (Oh! wond'rous) were hush'd at the sight,
The cats as they ey'd him drew back (well they might,)
For his body was pea-green and blue.

Now as all wish'd to speak, but none knew
what to say,
They look'd mighty foolish and queer;
*At length spoke the Lady with trembling—"I
pray,
Dear Sir your peruke that aside you would lay,
And partake of some strong or small beer."*
The Bride shuts her fly-trap; the stranger
complies,
And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull.
Adzooks! what a squall Sally gave through
surprize!
Like a pig that was stuck, how she open'd
her eyes,
When she recogniz'd Jollup's bare skull!
Each Miss then exclaim'd, while she turn'd
up her snout,
"Sir your head isn't fit to be seen!"
The pot boys ran in and the pot-boys ran
out,
And could'nt conceive what the noise was
about,
While the Doctor address'd Sally Green.
"Behold me, thou jilt-flirt! behold me,
" he cried,
"I'm Jollup, whom some call "the
"Knave!"
God grant that to punish your falsehood and
pride,
You should feel at this moment a pain in
your side;
Quick, swallow this rhubarb! I'll physic
the Bride,
And send her well dos'd to the grave!"
Thus saying, the physic her throat he forc'd
down,
In spite of whate'er she could say;
Then bore to his chariot the maiden so brown,
Nor ever again was she seen in that town,
Or the Doctor, who whisk'd her away.
*Not long liv'd the Brewer, and none since
that time
To inhabit the Brewhouse presume;
For old women say, that by order sublime,*
There Sally Green suffers the pain of her
crime,
And bawls to get out of the room.
At midnight four times in each year does
her spright,
With shrieks make the chamber resound.
"I won't take the rhubarb!" she squalls in
affright,
While a cup in his left hand, a draught in
his right,
Giles Jollup pursues her around.
With wigs so well powder'd, twelve Doc-
tors so grave,
Dancing horn-pipes around them are seen;
They drink chicken broth, and this horri-
ble stave
Is twang'd thro' each nose, "to Giles Jol-
lup the Knave,
And his patient, the sick Sally Green!"

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

Spoken by Mr. M'CREADY, at the Opening of the BIRMINGHAM THEATRE, on Thursday June 15.

Written by the AUTHOR *of the* BRUSH.

As Comparisons oft on our fancies will
strike,
When, in sporting a thought, we demand—
What 'tis like?
So the stage to an ord'nary some may com-
pare,
Where the guests but too often find ord'-
nary fare;
Yet the host unabash'd will still hang out
his sign,
As he knows on coarse viands keen sto-
machs will dine.
But where delicate taste temper's appetite's
call,
And *forc'd*-meat, of all things, *unseason'd*,
will pall,
Even turtle itself will be deem'd a vile hash,
And we turn up the nose at a spoil'd cali-
pash.
But as I, for two years, your purveyor
have been,
And with dishes dramatic have garnish'd
the scene,
Stock'd my larder with plenty, and fill'd
ev'ry part
With provisions from fam'd Covent Gar-
den's rich mart,
And the choicest of game cull'd from Old
Drury's stall,
Let it not be said *now*, that I've drain'd
Leadenhall,†
Some few birds of passage, 'tis true, will
take wing,
And claim the same freedom to *fly* as to
sing;
So, while *Incledon* spreads his wild pinions
afar,
A *Storace* fills his place, like a wandering
star;
And should *she* the next season like *him*
baulk our wishes,
I've but this to observe—"STARS are no
standing dishes
Then there's *Lewis* that *Rover*, that *Gold-
finch* unmatch'd
To no Summer station confin'd or attach'd,
In a *Tangent* flies off—yet the stars we im-
plore,
That they'll speed his return in a *Tangent*
once more.
Mean while his wild oats make but Fame
an enroller,
That the *Gentleman* still will be leagu'd
with the *Stroller!*
Nor can we our duty so sadly forget,
As to make us deny, or make us regret,

† Pointing to his own head.

While

While our stage of a *pillar* sustains such a lop,
That we've pitch'd on a *Bannister* now for its prop.
While *Munden*, the Premier of Momus's Court,
The mainspring of mirth, and the minion of sport,
With *Kelly*, who calls up our smiles and our tears,
And whose strains melt our hearts while they ravish our ears,
Are prepar'd to present their best fruits in due season,
With the full flow of soul, and the festal of reason!
Nor must the Glib Muse, though she runs hurry-skurry,
Overleap in her speed the due merits of *Murray*,
Whose fame, long establish'd, needs no spurious vamp,
Yet would crown sterling worth with a Birmingham stamp.
Thus dollars, though weight, with a new mark we grace,
And the bullion goes off with a *still better face!*
As for those who've among you past current before,
You well know *their* worth—and *I* need not say more:
And, though worthies we boast, by our bardling unsung,
As *he* bridles his *pen*—*I* must bridle my *tongue*.
Now the pause for a moment but gives a new spring
To that impulse which vibrates the heart's master string,
That Impulse which rouses Remembrance's aid,
That the scene must soon close—when our parts are *all* play'd;
And that *Farren*, the boast and the pride of the stage,
Form'd the eye to delight, and the heart to engage,
Who at Love's proudest Altar has plighted her vows,
While the bright dazzling coronet circles her brows,
On the same lowly bed, when her exit is made,
Must lie down in oblivion, with *Pope's* gentle shade
But a truce to those tints of mortality's hue,
And a truce to the tints of morality too;
Pale dejection we'll scout—give our cares to the wind,
And look *forward* with *hope*—let who will look *behind*.
See the fair queen of smiles to a Countess *degraded*,
While the bright queen of tears wears her laurels unfaded:
Her tears while they flow, shall bring joy in their train,
And we'll hail the continuance of *Siddons's* reign!
Then there's *Mattocks* the handmaid of humour and whim,
In the belle or the blowze—in the pert or the prim;
Whose spirits give life to inanimate clods,
And can mortals enchant—or enrapture the Gods!
She your favour so prizes she'll die but she'll win it,
And the prize if she loses—the Devil is in it!
On a candidate likewise of choral esteem,
We trust you'll the smiles of beneficence beam,
Whose bare *name* in *Wales*, would protection bespeak,
As your true antient Britons all rev'rence—a *Leek*
And an *Addison's* worth, if your praise it incurs,
You'll at once be *spectators* and *guardians* of her's!
Thus in light-feather'd, random-like, strait-forward, vein,
Would we plead in behalf of our whole Thespian train;
While our author well knows, "Hasty Scribblers will blot,"
And confesses, point blank "a fool's bolt is soon shot."
So this dull tedious homily now to complete,
Full as long as an old-fashioned grace before meat,
Now *uncover's* the word—should you find a repast
Which your appetite tempts more to *feast* than to *fast*;
Though with dainties the table be sparingly stor'd,
Put up kindly with all that our cheer can afford,
Then of course, you'll cut *fair*, without *mangling*—and then,
'Tis our hope, when you've *cut*—that you all *come agen*.

TO A LADY AT QUADRILLE,

On her giving Dimonds for Trumps, and calling the King of Hearts.

REPLETE with justice, your decision's found,
While you dispense th' expressive sentence round:

As thus, your triumps your own bright eyes explain,
Your King, an emblem of your happy reign.
These, 'tis confess'd, form proper counterparts,
The diamonds beaming on your subject hearts;
But oh! with moderation, urge your pow'r,
Nor play, nor cruel play, the matadore: *
Then shall the world to the mild sov'reign bow,
And hail you Queen of Hearts, as I do now.

* A Spanish word, signifying murderer.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN in the character of a SAILOR, at the NEW THEATRE, LYMINGTON, after the representation of the DRAMATIST, performed at the request of a Sea Officer.

WHAT's here! The Dramatist! a Play bespoke;
By a Sea Captain! Pshaw! 'tis all a joke.
The Tempest, fitter for a Sailor's taste,
Where the winds howl along the wat'ry waste;
Where thunders roar, and vivid lightnings sweep,
To swell the horrors of the stormy deep.
Avast such scenes! we'll seek a milder sky,
And change the hurricane for Comedy;
The Boatswain's whistle, and the trumpet mute,
Yield to the magic of the German flute.
[*Pointing to the Orchestra.*
Main top a-hoy there! and the tough ratan
Sink to the side-box titter, and the fan;
[*Pointing to the Boxes.*
While Jack aloft, with quid diverts his lip,
[*To the Gallery.*
And sends his eyes and limbs in quest of flip.
And as he sits beside his girl, or wife,
Snores to the tune of "Grog's the Liquor of Life";
Calls for a song in loud and boist'rous strain,
"Hearts of Oak!"—"Britannia rules the Main!"
"Roast Beef!"—"Black Joke!"—or some such sort o' thing;
But first, ye lubbers! play "God save the King! [*To the Orchestra.*
True to his Sovereign, Jack will never flinch;
A British Sailor's loyal every inch:
To capsize Kings* he thinks it's not so civil,
And hates your Politicians like the Devil.

* Alluding to the French King.

But that which puzzles most our honest tar,
Is your outlandish names for men of war,
Thus, when he talks about the Courageux,
Jack's mouth pronounces it—the Cunning Jew!
In words uncouth, but not less droll and pleasant,
Bienfaisant is construed—Bonny Pheasant!
Your classic names no better suit poor Jack's turn,
He calls the Atalanta, Hat and Lantern!
Thus, with corrupted accent, on he goes,
Bellerophon, to Bull and Ruffian grows!
The Dead Louse! for the Dædulus, he bawls,
And the Colossus, to the Coal Horse! falls;
While Ramseyes, are for Ramillies, arrang'd,
And the Nautilus, to Naughty Lass! is chang'd.
But hold! whate'er their oddities, we trust
Sailors are always loyal, brave, and just;
Long may the flag they serve triumphant ride,
The country's bulwark, and the nation's pride.

EPIGRAM.

On the report of a circumstance which took place at the late Royal Nuptials.

SAYS John to Charles why should it be,
When, tho' the bride betray'd no fears,
Her sisters, more alarm'd than she,
Express'd their feelings by their tears.
'Tis a mistake, blunt Charles replies,
Their *mouths* might *water*—not their *eyes!*

ANTOLICUS.

EPIGRAM,

On the declaration of his Royal passion.

QUOTH Great Wirt——g's Duke—
"how I burn with desire!"
"Then," says Cupid, "by G—d all the *fat's* in the fire!"

NIM.

IMPROMPTU.

On the present fashion of the Ladies wearing MOB CAPS.

COLLECT your forces, gracious King,
For faction seems to spread her wing,
And breathe malignant sobs;
Each manly breast is fill'd with fear,
The soldiers talk of dangers near,
Now *Women go in Mobs!*

HORATIO.